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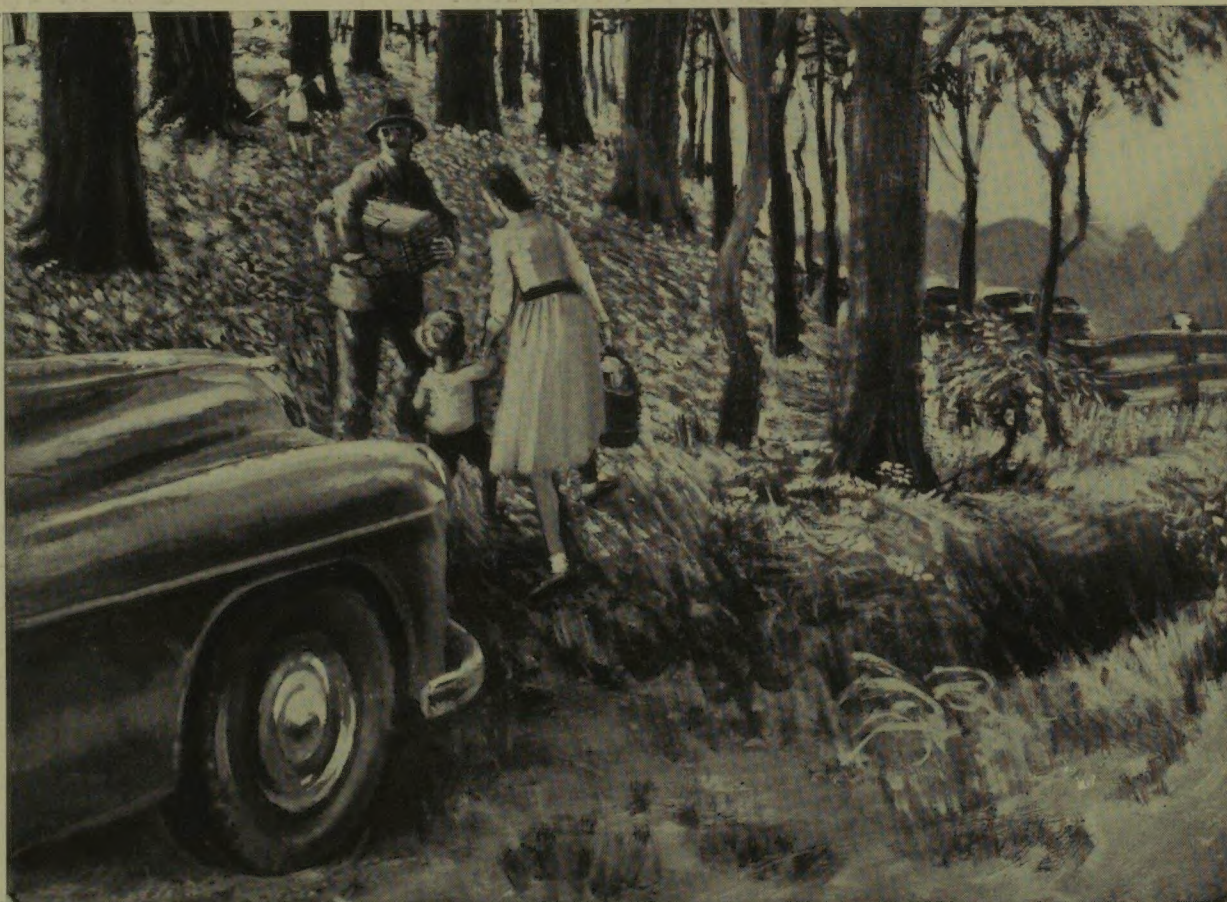
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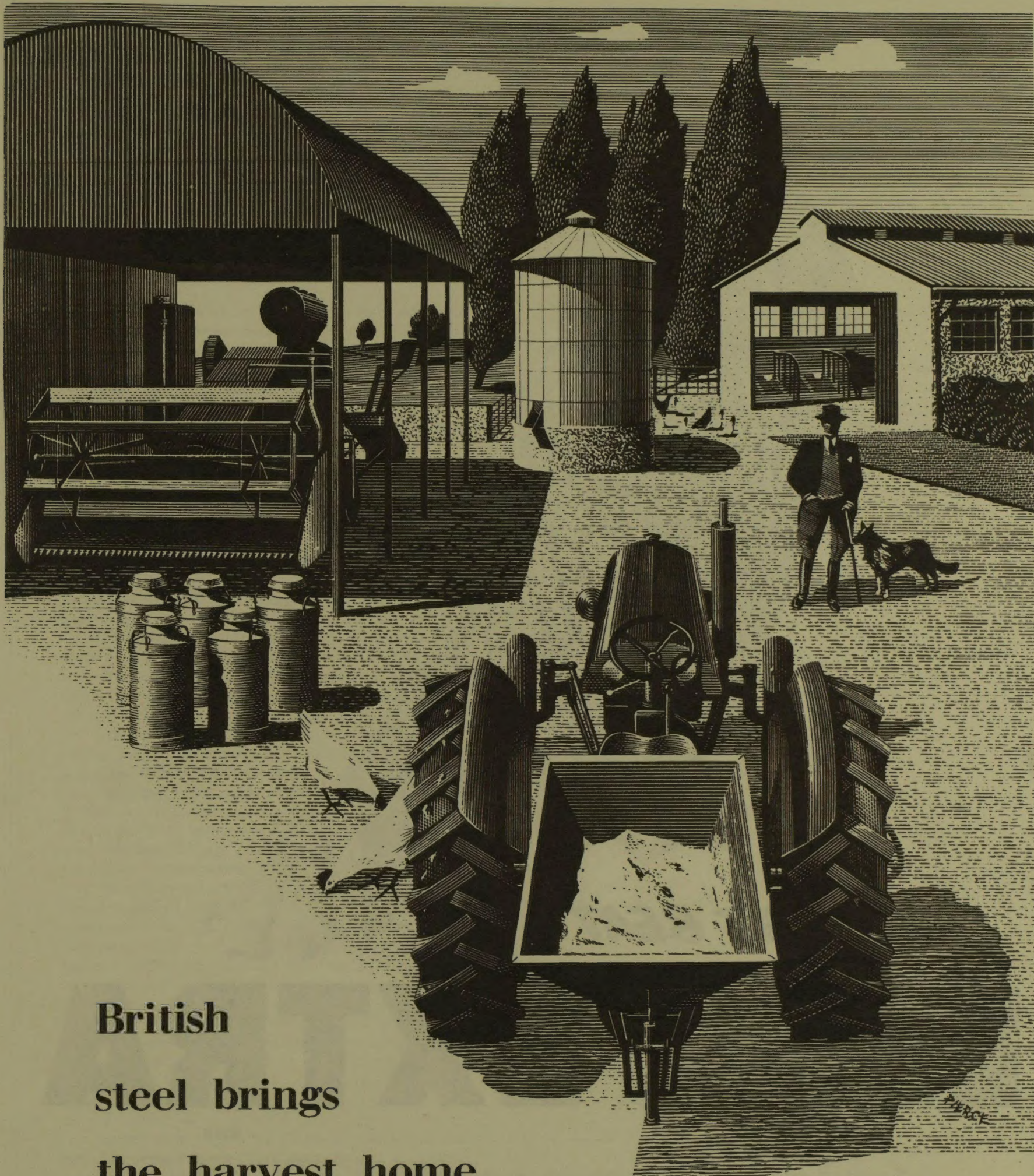


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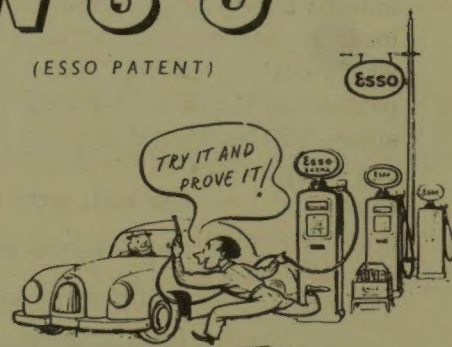
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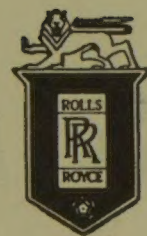
THE MEASURE OF efficiency of an airliner is its ability to make a profit when carrying fluctuating loads over varying distances. It is not competitive in the world market if it does so only under favourable route and load conditions. The economics depend to a very large extent on engine life, power, and above all, fuel consumption. Modern piston engines run for 1,000 hours between overhaul, give upwards of 3,000 hp and have a fuel consumption of $\frac{1}{2}$ lb per hp per hour, which in a four-engined airliner means about 1 mpg. Turbines can be expected to supersede piston engines only when they are conclusively superior on all counts.

Turbines are of two sorts—the turbojet which delivers its power in the form of an exhaust jet, and the turboprop which uses its power to drive a propeller. Both types of turbine can match the piston engine in longevity and out-class it in power. It is on fuel consumption that the two types of turbine differ. The consumption of the turbojet is about twice that of a comparable piston engine. This would not matter so much if the turbojet could do double the amount of work by flying twice as fast as the piston engine, but in the event an increase in cruising speed beyond about 400 mph does not bring about a commensurate gain in average journey speed. High fuel consumption is therefore a very real difficulty to the turbojet. In order to reduce its fuel consumption as much as possible, the jet aircraft must fly high; it is, in practice, locked inflexibly to a narrow band of altitudes in the fringes of the stratosphere. And the high wind velocities at these great altitudes make close time-keeping on east-west routes difficult on a year round basis.

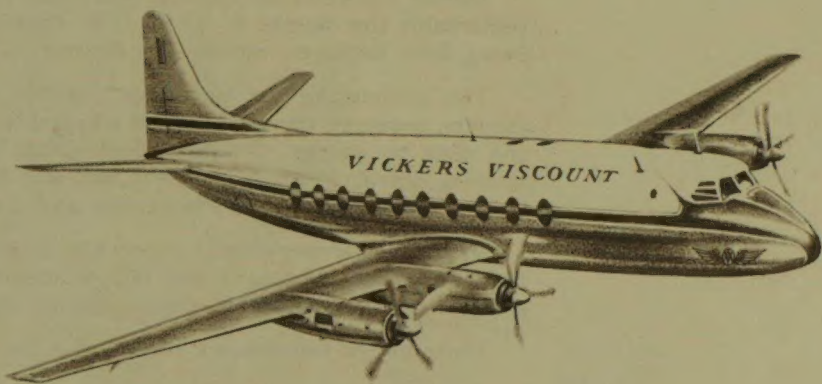
In the turboprop the fuel consumption problem is largely mastered because this type of turbine, unlike the turbojet, makes use of the highly efficient propeller. Moreover, the turboprop airliner can cruise economically at any altitude between 15,000 and 35,000 feet and thus, by flying at the appropriate level, can minimise the effect of headwinds and take advantage of tailwinds. This flexibility of operation is a feature of the Britannia airliner which, now in production, is powered with Bristol Proteus turboprop engines. The Proteus 755 develops 4,150 hp and is thus a good deal more powerful than current piston engines. Its consumption is some 10 per cent greater but this is more than offset by using a cheaper fuel.

A pointer to the importance of fuel consumption is that fuel costs amount to the largest single item of operational expenditure in the average airline. Thus the air transport industry's long-range vehicles capable of carrying big payloads at peak periods must also have a fuel consumption which enables them to carry economically the smaller payloads of the off-season. Piston engines do this now and airlines will buy the turbines that can lift bigger loads faster and cheaper. There is a vast world investment in the piston engine and it will only be worth staking the future on a new prime mover that is markedly superior all round. The true civil and military workhorse engine is the turboprop.

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 wished I had my Burberry*; remembered not invented yet, dev'lish annoying.

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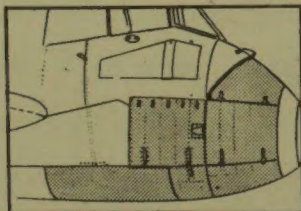
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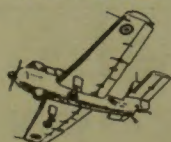
Perfect view for pilot when attacking submarine and when deck landing. Unobstructed by the single Armstrong Siddeley Mamba turbo-prop engine.



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Seamew—a tough, economical, all-weather submarine hunter. In adverse weather—submarine weather—the Seamew can be airborne after a short take-off from the deck of an escort carrier, can conduct a radar search and low-level attack and can land back in safety—due to its slow approach speed and shock-resisting, anti-rebound undercarriage.

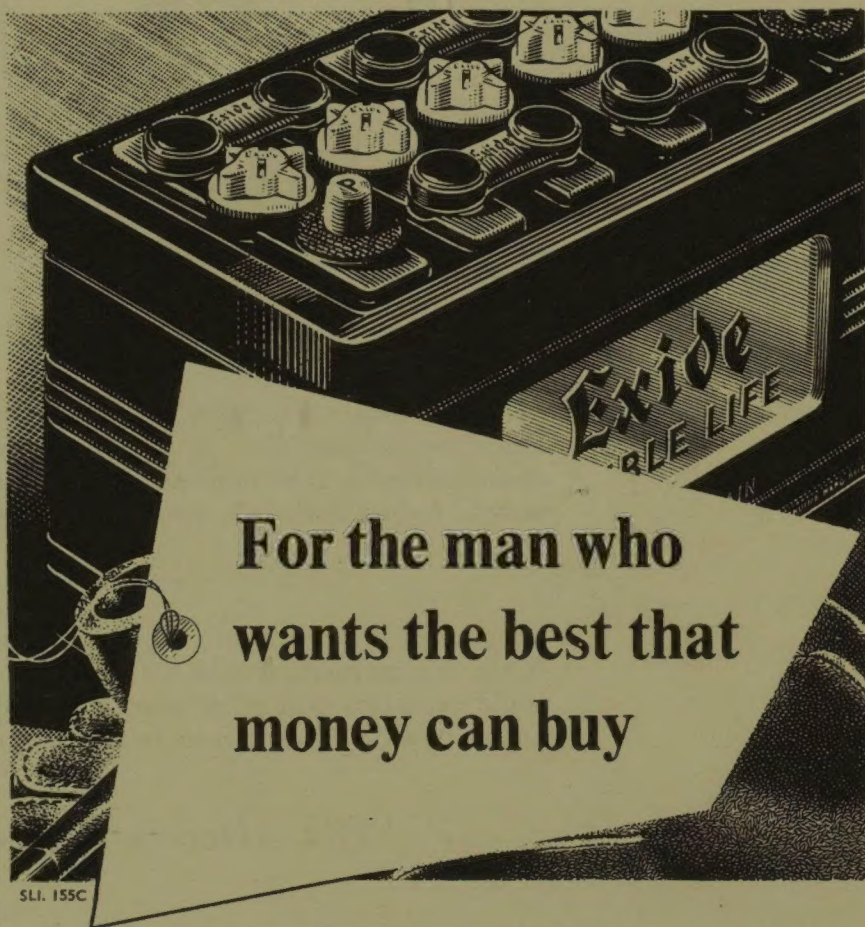
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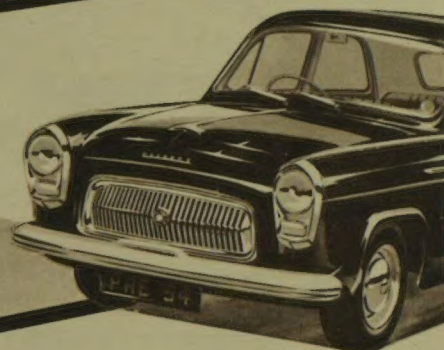
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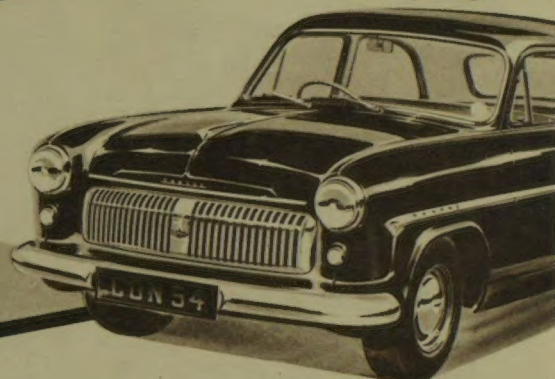
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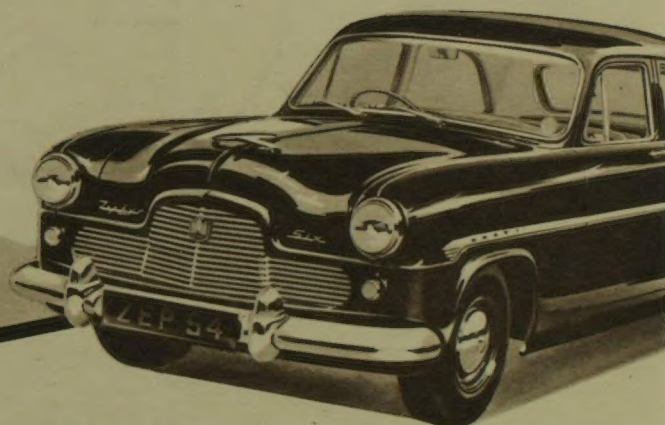
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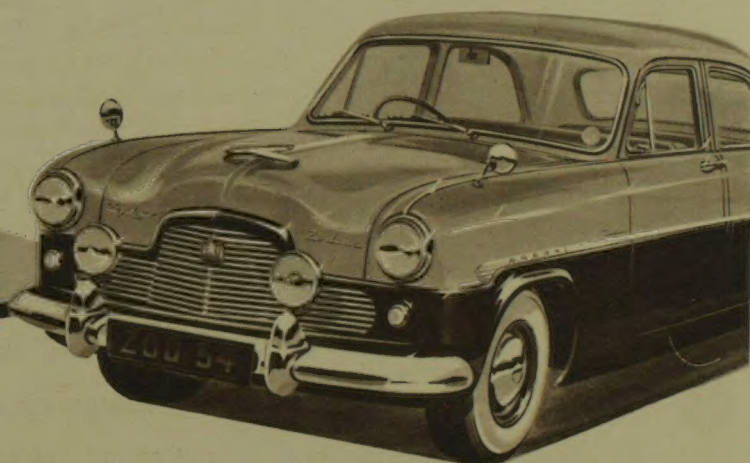
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THE FACE AND VOICE AND HEART OF ENGLAND . . . No. 7 in a series



“No, Freedom has a thousand charms to show
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.”

WM. COWPER, 1731-1800

The character of a country can be seen in the faces and the handiwork of its people. Will Wallbank, one of a long line of superb English potters, is very much the product of an old, a free and a contented way of life. Such men and such skill could never be bred in a climate of tyranny.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1954.



"OUR FATE IS IN OUR OWN HANDS. . . . WE MAY PERHAPS IMPROVE OURSELVES MORE RAPIDLY IF WE GAIN MORE INSIGHT INTO HUMAN BEHAVIOUR": DR. E. D. ADRIAN (AT THE READING DESK), ON THE CHALLENGE TO CIVILISATION AND THE SCIENTIST, AT THE OPENING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION IN OXFORD.

The inaugural ceremony of the 116th Annual Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science took place on the evening of September 1 in the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, with an overflow meeting in Oxford Town Hall. The occasion was broadcast and (for the first time) televised—although the beginning of the television was delayed by the failure of electric fuses in the Sheldonian. The President, Dr. E. D. Adrian, O.M., in his inaugural address, spoke on "Science and Human Nature," and referred gravely to the dangers which confronted civilisation

as the result of the immense powers which the scientists had placed in human hands, the control over the forces of nature being such "that we might soon become able to destroy two-thirds of the world by pressing a button." He also referred to the possibility that repeated atomic explosions could lead to a degree of general radioactivity which no-one could tolerate or escape. Our fate lay in our own hands and it lay with the scientists, and especially the social scientists, to concentrate on the study of human behaviour and the improvement of human nature.



By JAMES PAYN.

A REPRINT OF THE FIRST ARTICLE FROM OUR ISSUE OF JANUARY 7, 1888.

WHAT a feast for the satirist is provided in the fuss that is being made in Vienna about ennobling a Rothschild, or, more literally, making him "fit for a Court"! The difference between the insect on the leaf—especially if the leaf belongs to the Emperor's dinner-table—and the insect in the dust seems greater in Austria than anywhere. It is curious enough that in military nations (which one would suppose would be scornful of such shadowy distinctions) the question of precedence has always assumed great importance. Even Germany, where certainly there is no lack of intelligence, grovels at the feet of hereditary etiquette in a way that can only be explained by a total absence of humour. The works of Lord Macaulay are translated in that country, wherein it may be read that heraldry is "a system of arbitrary canons originating in pure caprice," and that "a lion rampant, with a folio in its paw, with a man standing on each side of him, with a telescope over his head, and a motto under his feet, must be either very mysterious or very absurd"; but all that will go for nothing with the Teuton of ambition, who would hardly mind being hung and drawn if he was certain of being afterwards "quartered."

In Turkey, dissensions about precedence between lawyers and soldiers grew, of old, to such a height that the Sultan, "to produce unanimity," enacted that henceforth the left hand (by which, I suppose, was meant the sitting upon it) should be deemed most honourable for soldiers, and the right, for lawyers. "Thus," observes the simple chronicler, "each thinks himself in the place of honour." The circumstance, however, though very characteristic, escapes him that it was the lawyers who got the upper hand—which is, of course, the right one.

In Russia the prerogatives of birth were carried to such an extent in the seventeenth century that the army was demoralised by it. Nobody whose father or even grandfather had held any command over the ancestor of another would stoop to be his subordinate. Under these circumstances, Fedor III. directed all his nobles to appear before him bringing with them their genealogies and family documents, most of which had probably a "mark" below them instead of a sign-manual. "My Lords," he observed, "I mean to put an end—at all events, for the present—to all these inconveniences arising from the comparative greatness of your forefathers which so interferes with the public service. From henceforth"—and here he caused all the genealogies to be thrown into the fire—"you start fair."

The English, notwithstanding the proverbial pride of our nobility, have never made themselves ridiculous about these matters. "You may put me anywhere," said one bluff old duke to his hostess, "except in a draught." Lady Walpole mentions that on the occasion of her inviting a very distinguished company to her house, to meet the great Italian singers Cuzzoni and Faustini, her only difficulty about precedence arose from the jealousy of the two professionals. The differences between Tweedledum and Tweedledee could only be got over by inducing Faustini to follow her into a remote part of the house to admire some old china, while Cuzzoni sang under the idea that her rival had left the field. After which Cuzzoni, with the same happy result, was shown the china.

An "Aggrieved Matron" has been speaking her mind, more in sorrow than in anger, against the insufficient clothing in which young ladies present themselves in the evening to public view: but she has forgotten to add "especially at this season of the year." In summer it is not nearly so objectionable, if one could be quite certain of the security of those shoulder-straps, on which, I suppose, even more than on the button of a man's shirt collar, everything depends; but in winter it gives the beholder the shivers. "How can they, *can* they, be so?" or, rather, "go so?" They make *me* dress for dinner, and why shouldn't *they* dress, instead of doing the very contrary? I do not venture to say a word about the impropriety of the matter; but what would be said if, being asked to bring a friend with me to an evening-party, I should bring a "snow man" with me instead? The effect produced by a "woman in white," with bare neck and arms, is—at all events, to an old gentleman of my time of life—precisely what that would be. We hear of cold weather carrying off the aged, but it is not only the weather that does it. What is "the icy smile" of Lady Clara Vere De Vere compared with this scanty apparel of hers? What is "the cold shade of the aristocracy"? What is "the cold shoulder," when here there are two of them—and more? At all events, dear young ladies, put it off—I mean put something on—till the warm weather comes, for the sake, not of the "Aggrieved Matron" (you will, of course, not do *that*) but of "A Grandfather"!

I don't speak of the risk to health and even to life that is caused by this custom, because I believe the risk is part of the enjoyment: young women are always running risks, down to the day when they marry the Ne'er-do-well. I read of one of them last week, in a filmy dress, playing with a fairy lamp in a ball-room, with the result (though I am happy to add not a fatal one) that

any mere male creature would have expected. If such immediate dangers fail to alarm them, how is it to be expected that they should care for bronchitis, or even consumption, nearly a week ahead? Besides, what is consumption, compared with the delights of six hours' dancing in a filmy dress in a hot ball-room—with the thermometer outside registering ten degrees of frost?

A wicked member of the Winchester College Shakespeare Society has been counting the number of puns in the divine William's plays. There are sixty-three, it seems, in "Romeo and Juliet," and no less than nineteen even in "King Lear"! Punning is, no doubt, the lowest species of wit; but yet it shows some wit, and what one has to complain of in Shakespeare's puns is not that they are so many, but that there are no good ones. There is not even a very bad pun, which is almost as good—to those who understand such matters—as a good one.

It is very dangerous in these days to write of any book with commendation: to abuse it is very right and proper, and (I have no doubt, to some people) the most natural thing in the world; but to have an eye to its merits, rather than to its defects, is obviously log-rolling. Still, in praising a novel *temp. Louis VII.*, and 757 years old, there cannot be much personal bias, and still less prospect of reciprocity from the author. I suppose "Aucassin and Nicolette" is the oldest work of fiction in the world, and on that account deserving of a word or two. (I can't help saying that it has been "done into English" by Mr. Andrew Lang, because, if it had not been, I couldn't have read it; but I don't assert it is well done. I confine myself to saying that it is done like everything else he touches.) It is entirely a love story—a much more "pure and simple" one than the French, or even, I regret to say, some of the English ones of to-day; while it is more full of incident than the American novel.

"OUR NOTE BOOK" PAGE OVER 66 YEARS.

FOR the next four weeks Sir Arthur Bryant will be on holiday, and we are taking this opportunity to review the history of "Our Note Book," which under a succession of brilliant contributors has established itself as one of the most popular features of *The Illustrated London News*. This week, and in the next three issues, we are reprinting the first "Our Note Book" article by each of the four contributors: James Payn (1830-1898), with whom the feature began; L. F. Austin (1852-1905); G. K. Chesterton (1874-1936); and Sir Arthur Bryant (b. 1899).

For some time towards the end of the last century an anonymous article, "Echoes of the Week," had been appearing in *The Illustrated London News*, and the title of this article was changed to "Notes of the Week" in the issue of December 3, 1887. This feature became "Our Note Book" and appeared in our issue of January 7, 1888, over the name of James Payn, the novelist, who had been editor of "Chambers's Journal" from 1859 to 1874, and editor of the "Cornhill Magazine" from 1883 to 1896. His weekly column of lively anecdote in this paper made him even more widely known in the last ten years of his life. His last contribution appeared in our issue of February 19, 1898, and in our issue of April 2 tributes were paid to him by Conan Doyle, Henry James, Stanley Weyman and Anthony Hope, among others.

THE FIRST "OUR NOTE BOOK" IS REPRINTED ON THIS PAGE.

The hero, the son of a great Lord, declines to embrace any profession, but only Nicolette. "I marvel that you will be speaking, father," he says (a little disrespectfully, as it strikes one), when it is suggested that he shall go to the wars, like other young persons of his quality; to which "the governor" replies (for papas really were governors in those days) that if he gets the young woman "at his will," he will "burn her in a fire." So the relations are a little strained between them from the first. How very much Aucassin is in earnest may be gathered from his reply to a friend of the family who points out that by marrying this young person (who is a slave girl) he will never enter into Paradise. "Paradise!" replies the young fellow (who, I am afraid, must have imbibed some of the sceptical opinions of the *Twelfth Century Review*), "thither go these same old priests, and halt old men and maimed, who all day and night cower continually before the altars, and in the crypts: and such folk as wear old amices and old clouted frocks, and naked folk and shoeless, and covered with sores, perishing of hunger and thirst, and of cold, and of little ease. These be they which go into Paradise. . . . But into the other place" (which he indicates) "would I fain go; for thither fare the goodly clerks, and goodly knights that fell in tourneys and great wars, and all men noble. And thither pass the sweet ladies and courteous that have two lovers, or three. With these would I liefly go, let me but have with me Nicolette, my sweetest lady."

This is exactly the view of that gentleman of our own time who, while admitting the superiority of climate in one of two much-referred-to but little-known regions, yet preferred the company to be found in the other. And, indeed, the main attraction of this old-world story is in its wonderful resemblance in ideas and motives to those which find expression in similar works to-day. Like most old novels it is mainly a string of adventures, and possesses little dramatic interest; every honest man (who is not a scholar) will admit that in the infancy of Fiction the storyteller, like the dog that walks on his hind legs, did not do it well, and that the wonder of his performance (as Dr. Johnson puts it) is that he does it at all. But I repeat that its family likeness in thought and feeling to the love-stories of our own day makes "Aucassin and Nicolette" most interesting reading. It is interspersed with many charming verses, ostensibly written by the author, but which the critics (of 1130) no doubt discovered were plagiarisms from other people.

Of the sagacity of elephants we have had many examples, it is now almost certain that they read the newspapers. A few days after the publication of the post mortem on the widow of Jumbo, describing the personal effects amassed in her interior, the contents of a clothes-chest belonging to an attendant in a menagerie at Edinburgh mysteriously disappeared. The theft was brought home to the performing troupe of elephants apparently by the airs and graces they gave themselves, similar to those observable in our own *nouveaux riches*. They have absorbed shirts, trousers, boots, and even clothes-brushes, articles absolutely unattractive unless from the consideration (as persons of property) which their possession might confer upon them. This, too, is very human. . . .

THE RIVER SHANNON AIR DISASTER: SCENES AFTER THE CRASH.



IN THE WATERS OF THE RIVER SHANNON: THE ILL-FATED SUPER-CONSTELLATION AIRLINER, TRITON, OF K.L.M. ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES, WHICH CRASHED INTO THE ESTUARY IN THE EARLY HOURS OF SEPTEMBER 5 WITH THE LOSS OF TWENTY-EIGHT LIVES. TWENTY-EIGHT PEOPLE SURVIVED THE CRASH.



RESCUING SURVIVORS: FIREMEN PULLING A RUBBER DINGHY FROM THE CRASHED AIRCRAFT ALONG A CREEK IN THE MUD-FLATS OF THE RIVER SHANNON ESTUARY.

Twenty-eight people lost their lives when a K.L.M. *Super-Constellation* airliner, *Triton*, crashed during the early hours of September 5 in the estuary of the River Shannon, a few minutes after leaving Shannon Airport, Eire, on the final stage of a flight from Amsterdam to New York. In all, twenty-nine people were saved, but one, a woman, died later in hospital. There were forty-six passengers on board and a crew of ten. Among those who were killed were two cabin stewards and the stewardess, Miss H. Lowenstein, who helped to get passengers out of the aircraft but died before she could be rescued. The survivors were fifteen men and six women, and seven members of the flight crew. The tide was low when the aircraft crashed,



SMILING AT HER RESCUERS: A WOMAN PASSENGER BEING HELPED FROM THE RUBBER DINGHY BY OFFICIALS STANDING NEARLY KNEE-DEEP IN MUD.

and many of the survivors managed to scramble across the mud-flats to the river bank. It is believed, at the time of writing, that those who died were rendered unconscious by petrol fumes and drowned as the tide rose. Although the crash occurred so near the airport, nothing was known there of the accident until some two-and-a-half-hours later, when the navigator, E. Webbink, who had struggled across the mud, arrived exhausted to summon help. The crash took place at approximately 3.40 a.m., and the first rescue launch reached the scene at 7 a.m., by which time most of the survivors had reached the shore with the help of two of the aircraft's dinghies. At the time of writing, the cause of the accident is not known.

AT THE WORLD'S GREATEST AIR MARKET: STARS



MAKING ITS FIRST FLIGHT ON SEPTEMBER 5, BEFORE APPEARING FOR THE FIRST TIME AT FARNBOROUGH: THE FIRST PRODUCTION BRISTOL BRITANNIA TURBOPROP LONG-RANGE AIRLINER, WEARING B.O.A.C. MARKINGS. (BRISTOL PROTECT 705 ENGINES.)



A FIRST APPEARANCE AT FARNBOROUGH: THE VICKERS-SUPERMARINE TYPE 525, A CARRIER-BORNE, TWIN-JET, SINGLE-SEATER FIGHTER AND AN INTERIM DEVELOPMENT TOWARDS AN EVEN MORE ADVANCED TYPE. TWO ROLLS-ROYCE AVON TURBOJET ENGINES.



THE WORLD'S FIRST TURBOPROP AIR-LINER AND THE EARNER OF EXPORT ORDERS WORTH £12,000,000: THE VICKERS VISCOUNT. THE AIRCRAFT SHOWN IS THE FIRST TO WEAR THE COLOURS OF TRANS-AUSTRALIA AIRLINES. (FOUR ROLLS-ROYCE DAFTS.)

WHEN the annual flying display and exhibition of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors opened at the Royal Aircraft Establishment's airfield at Farnborough on September 6, a record number of more than 5000 overseas visitors was expected; and 1000 guests from ninety-three countries were invited to the Society's dinner in London the same day. Forty-three aircraft of thirty-eight types were scheduled to take part in the daily flying displays. Our illustrations show some of the most remarkable aircraft making appearances at the Show, some of them for the first time; and two of the most remarkable export order-earners—the Hawker Hunter fighter, which, quite apart from its orders for the R.A.F., has achieved orders worth £120,000,000; and the Vickers Viscount, appearing at the Show in Trans-Australia Airlines' colours,

OF THE S.B.A.C. SHOW AT FARNBOROUGH.



FLYING ONLY WITH THE TINY ROLLS-ROYCE ROAR TURBOJET ENGINES FITTED TO ITS WING-TIPS: A GLOSTER JAVELIN. THESE ENGINES HAVE BEEN CALLED THE GREATEST ENGINEERING ACHIEVEMENT EXHIBITED AT FARNBOROUGH THIS YEAR.



THE WORLD'S FIRST FORMATION FLIGHT OF DELTA-WINGED PRODUCTION FIGHTERS: FIVE GLOSTER JAVELINS (ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY SAPPHIRE ENGINES), LED BY WING-COMMANDER MARTIN, IN FLIGHT OVER FARNBOROUGH.

for which overseas orders totalling £32,000,000 have been booked. As comments on future development, perhaps the two most interesting exhibits were the Folland Midge light fighter; and the Rolls-Royce Swift lightweight turbojet engine. The Midge, which is the first prototype of the Gnat lightweight fighter, is powered with an Armstrong-Siddeley Viper jet, but the Gnat is expected to have the Bristol Orpheus, a more powerful engine now being developed. This light fighter, with the speed and climb of a conventional fighter, is a third of its weight and requires only a fifth of the man-hours to produce. The Swift is the smallest and lightest high-powered aero-engine in production in the world, an astonishing piece of engineering, with many applications as yet of a secret nature.



THE CANBERRA II, WHICH WAS TO MAKE ITS FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE AT FARNBOROUGH: THE LARGEST AND MOST IMPRESSIVE OF THE CANBERRA SERIES. POWERED WITH FOUR ROLLS-ROYCE AVON 521 ENGINES, IT CAN CARRY UP TO SEVENTY-SIX PASSENGERS.



THE VICKERS VALIANT B.3, A LONGER-FUSELAGED DEVELOPMENT OF THE B.1, WHICH IS TO BE THE R.A.F.'S FIRST FOUR-JET BOMBER. CAPABLE OF VERY HIGH SPEEDS AT VERY LOW LEVEL AND POWERED WITH FOUR ROLLS-ROYCE AVONS.



MARKING ITS FIRST APPEARANCE AT FARNBOROUGH: THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC CANBERRA MARK 2B, NIGHT INTRUDER (FOUR ROLLS-ROYCE AVONS). A GROUND-ATTACK DEVELOPMENT OF THE HIGH-LEVEL CANBERRA, AND CAPABLE OF RAPID CONVERSION TO HIGH-LEVEL WORK.



PERHAPS THE MOST INTERESTING OF THE NEW AIRCRAFT AT FARNBOROUGH: THE FOLLAND GNAT, A LIGHTWEIGHT FIGHTER, THE PROTOTYPE OF A NEW FIGHTER TO BE CALLED THE FOLLAND GNAT. THE GNAT HAS AN ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY VIPER ENGINE.



THE HAWKER HUNTER, WHICH HAS EARNED THE RECORD FIGURE OF ORDERS WORTH £120,000,000, APART FROM DIRECT ORDERS FOR THE R.A.F.—CLAIMED AS THE GREATEST EVER SALE OF A BRITISH AIRCRAFT. THE F.1'S HAVE AVON, THE F.2'S SAPPHIRE TURBOJETS.



A REMARKABLE FARNBOROUGH EXHIBIT: THE BLACKBURN BEVERLEY FREIGHTER (FOUR BRISTOL CENTAURUS ENGINES), UNLOADING A MOBILE FACTORY FOR MAKING PLASTIC PIPES—A TOTAL LOAD, WITH CONSTRUCTION CREW, OF 22 TONS.

AN EPIC OF CHRISTIAN COURAGE.

"Mitsinari. Twenty-one Years Among the Papuans"; by André Dupeyrat.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"MITSINARI" is the Papuan approximation to "missionary"; Father Dupeyrat's extraordinary book, surely destined to be a classic of its kind, is the record of twenty-one years' devoted and dangerous work amongst some of the most backward people and some of the most difficult country in the world. That great man and writer, Paul Claudel, in his preface, says: "This is more than a mere narrative of adventure; it is an epic. We all know that earlier epic, Milton's 'Paradise Lost'. Why not a 'Humanity Lost' as well? For there are lost fragments of mankind, and the one we are told of here lost paradise without ever having left it. Nature contrived to wall it up within a labyrinth of unscalable barriers." The epical flavour is certainly here. But the epic of which we are reminded is not "Paradise Lost" (except in so far as that may be regarded as the history of the hero-villain Satan), but the "Odyssey" which is the string of adventures encountered and perils overcome by a single man. But it is lyrical as well as epical: there are many, many passages of intense joy in the presence of physical, as well as spiritual, beauty, expressed in vivid, but restrained and never uncomfortably rhapsodical, language.



WEARING THE BONES OF HER LATE HUSBAND: A PAPUAN WOMAN WHO HAS TO WEAR THESE MACABRE RELICS AROUND HER NECK DAY AND NIGHT TO AVOID OFFENDING THE SPIRIT OF THE DECEASED, AND TO CONFORM TO TRIBAL LAW.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Mitsinari"; by Courtesy of the publishers, Staples Press.



"ONE ON WHOM THE LIGHT DAWNED, AND IN WHOM IT IRREMOVABLY DWELT": IVOLLE KELETO, WHO DIED A MARTYR FOR HIS FAITH AND MAY IN TIME BE CANONISED AS THE FIRST PAPUAN SAINT.

New Guinea, or Papua (the name which used to be applied to the whole island, but now designates the south-east portion of it which is administered by the Australian Government), is, after Greenland, the largest island in the world—for Australia, though entirely surrounded by water, must be classed as a continent, like the Americas, and the Euro-Asiatic-African block, which are also entirely surrounded by water. It takes a constant effort to remind one of the size of the place. In the ordinary atlas France gets a page, Ireland gets a page, and Switzerland gets a page, scales wobbling about in accordance with the doctrine of "one country" one page. But seldom, if ever, is there a whole page, let alone a "double-spread," for New Guinea: it usually appears, looking quite mediocre in size, in hemispherical maps, or maps of the East Indies, or (sometimes in fragments) in maps of Australasia. But from end to end of it the distance is as great as that between Paris and Moscow. It has great ranges of mountains, many of them as high as Mont Blanc, and the tallest reaching to 18,000 ft. Much of it has not been casually explored, let alone systematically surveyed. Survey of a great deal of

it from the air would be fruitless; for it is covered, even to great altitudes, by dense forest, in which multitudes might be concealed without being detected by a camera moving above. And that forest is so luxuriant in growth that he who hews a path through it with machetes finds it springing up behind him as he crawls: the vegetation being constantly interrupted by precipices, gullies and roaring torrents. It is one of the last parts of the world in which the romancers can still conjecture the existence of secluded communities with a "way of life" unknown to the rest of the world. I haven't yet heard of a pale-faced race there, governed by a Great White Queen, such as is sometimes rumoured from the hinterland of South America. But, at the moment of writing, a popular newspaper is announcing that one of its daring emissaries has penetrated in Papua to "a new Shangri-la." Father Dupeyrat, it must be admitted, explored merely a limited tract in the narrow (on the map) eastern part of the island; though, as one reads him, and shares the difficulties and torments of his progresses, even that seems almost limitless. One should not generalise from his experience about the possibilities of the broader western parts. But, so far as his experience goes, it seems to indicate that the

explorers of the future will never reach those wish-fulfilling and Utopian havens, so often dreamed of, where reside, as peacefully as the Lotos Eaters or the serene Buddhists of Shangri-la, people secluded from the general strife of humanity, and from knowledge of its sempiternal crimes and follies, living gently and dying peacefully, amid blossoming bowers under friendly skies. Father Dupeyrat did penetrate to areas where no white man before him had ever been seen. But the Shangri-las he found, risking his life at every step, unarmed, and sometimes without a word of the local language, were by no means the sort of places of which the Shelleys have dreamed. They were Earthly Edens, so far as the scenery was concerned, with the trees swarming with radiant Birds of Paradise and enchanting white cockatoos. But the human beings were, in their habits, in as low a state as human beings could ever reach. Murder, sorcery, vendetta: these things have been heard of elsewhere. Cannibalism: that also is no new thing in the records; nor, I suppose, the presents from one tribe to a friendly tribe, of smoked human thighs.

But Father Dupeyrat found a place where it was the bounden duty of a woman to bear her first-born in solitude, slaughter it, and then suckle a young pig instead, the piglet then growing into a fine great hog, the pride of the village, and the *pièce de résistance* of a future banquet.

Hitler, confronted by such people, would doubtless have said "exterminate them and make room for cultured Germans." Another school of reformers would say: "Put them into trousers, vaccinate them, and make them go to Sunday School." Another still would suppose that the grand specific would be the provision of a constitution resembling the British, with two Houses of Parliament, a Speaker, a mace, and a Serjeant-at-Arms, with Universal Suffrage, Vote by Ballot, and a neat new Trades Union Congress. Father Dupeyrat and his comrades—highly civilised men, former soldiers, men who took their country's mental treasures with them (there is even an unscribed quotation from Baudelaire embedded in the narrative)—preferred the direct Christian approach, without



FATHER ANDRÉ DUPEYRAT, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Father André Dupeyrat set foot on the shores of New Guinea nearly twenty-five years ago, and has spent over twenty years among the primitive Papuan tribes. This book is a record of those years of devoted and dangerous work amongst some of the most backward people and some of the most difficult country in the world.

illusions, to brother-men, brothers however degraded.

Chesterton wrote, long ago:

The men who wear the cross of Christ
Go gaily in the dark.

This might well have been the motto prefaced to this book. Father Dupeyrat (for all his modesty he simply can't help revealing his own heroic courage in the course of stating the mere facts of his evangelistic pilgrimage) kept his face forward and, perhaps miraculously, swept through every obstacle. He has an open mind, even about sorcery. When the sorcerers threatened him with death, and day after day, he found himself confronted by poisonous snakes, he thought that it was possible that sorcerers and snakes were in league with a Dark Power behind; and he was set wondering by the sorcerer who seemed to have turned himself into a cassowary. He didn't accept the reality of these things; but, having an open and scientific mind, he was willing to admit that there were more things in heaven and earth than had been dreamt of in his philosophy, and that he, frankly, would rather not believe to exist.

But his approach "worked." He was not always a meek invader, though always unarmed. There was an occasion when, in a village square, he quelled a fight and saved his own life by doughty rights and lefts with his fists. Once he had his listeners, he had his believers; once he had these he had his catechists. The beneficent influence spread, though always there was a frontier beyond which the Noble Savages of Rousseau and his deluded urban tribe lived in a state of constant fear, disease, semi-starvation and inhuman butchery. And his mission in the end produced a very noble martyr: Ivolle Keleto, a superb athlete, who had killed seventeen men and been a cannibal, one on whom the light dawned, and in whom it irremovably dwelt, who fell mortally wounded in the end, as Stephen by his stones and Sebastian by his arrows, and died radiant. In time he may be canonised as the first Papuan Saint.



IN THE HEART OF THE PAPUAN MOUNTAINS: THE MISSION STATION OF ONONGHÉ.

I find that I haven't quoted from the book. It had better be read. It glows.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 432 of this issue.

* "Mitsinari: Twenty-one Years Among the Papuans." By André Dupeyrat. With a Preface by Paul Claudel. Translated from the French by Erik and Denyse de Mauny. Illustrated. (Staples Press; 15s.)

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**DIED ON AUGUST 31:
DR. ALFRED COX, MEDICAL
SECRETARY, B.M.A., 1912-32.**
Dr. Cox, who was eighty-eight, was one of the founders of the *Association Professionnelle des Médecins*, out of which the present World Medical Association has developed. He began his official connection with the B.M.A. in 1899 and became Medical Secretary in 1912.



**ELECTED PRESIDENT OF
TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD:
MR. A. L. P. NORRINGTON.**
Mr. A. L. P. Norrington has been elected President of Trinity College, Oxford, of which he is a Fellow, in succession to Mr. J. R. H. Weaver. Mr. Norrington was a Scholar of Winchester College and of Trinity College, and has been Secretary to the Delegates of the Oxford University Press since 1948.



**DIED ON SEPTEMBER 1: LADY MACROBERT, DONOR
OF AIRCRAFT TO THE R.A.F.**
Lady MacRobert, the widow of Sir A. MacRobert, founder of the British India Corporation, was well known for her gifts of aircraft to the R.A.F. in World War II, in memory of her three sons, one of whom was killed in a flying accident in 1938 and two in action with the R.A.F. One of the aircraft, named by her wish "MacRobert's Reply," took part in many raids, including an "attack on the German warships *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*."



**APPOINTED HEADMASTER OF
CLIFTON COLLEGE, BRISTOL:
MR. N. G. L. HAMMOND.**
Mr. N. G. L. Hammond has been appointed Headmaster of Clifton College in succession to Mr. H. D. P. Lee, recently appointed to Winchester College. Educated at Fettes and Caius College, Cambridge, in 1930 he was made a Fellow of Clare College, Cambridge, and in 1947 became Senior Tutor.



**RETIRED AS PRINCIPAL OF COL-
LEGE OF AERONAUTICS: AIR
MARSHAL SIR VICTOR GODDARD.**
Air Marshal Sir Victor Goddard, K.C.B., has retired at the end of his three-year term as Principal of the College of Aeronautics, Cranfield, during which it has advanced its high reputation. Sir Victor was a Member of the Air Council for Technical Services, 1948-51.



**HOME ON LEAVE: MR. MALCOLM MACDONALD, COMMIS-
SIONER-GENERAL FOR S.-E. ASIA, WITH MISS S. LIM.**
Mr. MacDonald arrived at London Airport on September 2 on leave from Singapore. He has been Commissioner-General for the U.K. in South-East Asia since 1948. Travelling with him was a family friend, Miss Shirley Lim, of Singapore, who is in Britain to study.



**FIRST IN HUDSON BAY: CAPTAIN NORMAN
THOMPSON, MASTER OF THE WARKWORTH.**
For the fourth year running Captain Thompson has won the grain race to Hudson Bay with his 20,000-ton ship *Warkworth*, of Newcastle. He is pictured above in London with a trophy representing a polar bear, carved out of a walrus tusk, on a Hudson Bay cannon ball marked "1770," presented to him by the Hudson Bay Harbour Board.



**VISITING YUGOSLAVIA: PRESIDENT BAYAR OF TURKEY (LEFT)
WITH MARSHAL TITO AND HIS WIFE.**
President Celal Bayar, of Turkey, arrived in Belgrade on September 2 on an eight-day State visit to Yugoslavia. He was returning the visit Marshal Tito paid to Turkey in April. In the evening he was guest of honour at a gala dinner given by Madame Tito.



**TO BE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF,
MEDITERRANEAN: ADMIRAL
SIR GUY GRANTHAM.**
Admiral Sir Guy Grantham has been appointed to succeed Admiral Lord Mountbatten as C-in-C., Mediterranean, and as C-in-C. Allied Forces, Mediterranean. Admiral Grantham was Chief of Staff to Admiral Sir A. Willis, C-in-C. Mediterranean, 1946-48; Flag Officer (Submarines), 1948-50; and Second-in-Command, Mediterranean Fleet, 1950-51, when he became Vice-Chief of the Naval Staff.

**CAPTAIN OF THE CRASHED
K.L.M. AIRLINER: COMMODORE
ADRIAAN VIRULY.**

Twenty-eight people were killed when a K.L.M. *Super-Constellation* airliner crashed in the River Shannon, Eire, on September 5. The Dutch captain of the aircraft, Commodore Viruly, escaped injury and helped in the rescue of the twenty-one passengers who survived the crash. Some of the passengers attempted to wade or swim ashore and were drowned. At the time of writing the cause of the accident is not known.



**HOME FROM THE HIMALAYAS: MEMBERS OF THE ITALIAN EXPEDITION WHICH CLIMBED
K2, WITH GARLANDS GIVEN TO THEM BY THE PAKISTAN MINISTER TO ITALY (CENTRE).**
The members of the Italian expedition which conquered Mount Godwin Austen (K2), the 28,250-ft. Himalayan peak in Pakistan, on July 31, were given a great reception when they arrived in Rome on September 3. (L. to r.) Mme. Hussain, wife of the Pakistan Minister to Italy; Signor M. Fantin, Mr. Hussain, Signor U. Rey, and Signor A. Compagnoni.



**THE FIRST ANGLO-AMERICAN BOYS' GOLF MATCH: MEMBERS OF THE TWO TEAMS
WALKING TOGETHER ON THE SUNNINGDALE COURSE BEFORE THE START.**
A match which may lead to the institution of a junior Walker Cup series was played between three American and four British boys at Sunningdale on September 1-2. It was won easily by the Americans. (L. to r.) R. Schwarzel (Pittsburgh, Penns.), A. Geiberger (Santa Barbara, Calif.), F. Bradley (Los Angeles, Calif.), P. Wood, G. Gibberson, K. Warren (partly hidden), and N. Johnson.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE PROSPECTS OF LITTLE EUROPE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

OPTIMISTS tell us that the political struggle at the Brussels Conference and its aftermath in Paris do not represent a crisis about the united defence of Western Europe. What is involved, they say, is the European Defence Community, which is not a necessary feature of a united defence. There is a measure of truth in this contention, but I do not find it satisfactory, even in formal logic. In the first place, E.D.C. appeared to be the best method of permitting the German Federal Republic to take a part in its own defence and strengthen the Western European defence barrier where it was weakest. If E.D.C. is killed, it will be a slow and laborious matter to find another means of Federal German rearmament embodying the valuable precautions inherent in E.D.C. Without German participation Western European defence is inadequate. Thus united defence and E.D.C. are interlocked and no useful purpose seems to be served in pointing out their theoretical independence.

This, however, does not represent the whole story. E.D.C. involves a great deal more than the integration of Federal German and other defence forces. Possibly the ideals behind it, ideals of federation, of the creation of a genuine society of nations, are in advance of their time. They have, however, created high hopes, particularly perhaps in the small nations of the Benelux Treaty. I fancy that the opposition in Brussels to the proposals of M. Mendès-France and the emasculation of E.D.C. which went with them was due quite as much to affection for its economic integration as for the military integration which looms larger in British and American minds. And this opposition, though friendly and even accommodating, was firm and unanimous. The French representatives were evidently startled by this feature of the conference. Yet there was nothing artificial about it. France found herself in a minority of one, not because the other Powers had "ganged up" to oppose her, but because they all considered her proposals likely to undo the work done on E.D.C. and to render it useless.

Finally, the German side has to be considered. Since E.D.C. was first propounded, a disquieting development of Nazi or Neo-Nazi sentiment has taken place within the Federal Republic. This has led a number of observers, including some in our own country, to proclaim their unflinching opposition to any form of German rearmament. I disagree because I am convinced that rearmament, with or without precautions, is inevitable in the long run and I would rather see it with precautions. None are likely to be found which combine strength, reasonableness, and acceptability on the German side to a greater extent than those of E.D.C.—I mean, as originally drafted, not with the humiliating, unacceptable, and impractical modifications carried to Brussels by M. Mendès-France, and there for the most part rejected. I think it is fair to say that Dr. Adenauer's appreciation of E.D.C. has become warmer as he has observed the growing liveliness of the Nazi spirit. He sees in E.D.C. a support for a liberal Germany. Here lies another connection between E.D.C. and Western European defence.

Probably M. Mendès-France cannot be blamed for taking to Brussels such proposals as brought about the failure of the conference. He lacks neither courage nor energy, and he had to make the best of his position as representative of a divided country and even of a divided Cabinet. He tried the same forcible and swift methods as had brought about a cessation of arms in Indo-China. In that case, however, matters had been made easier for him by Russian influence, which has been trying to use French doubts and divisions to detach France from her allies. These methods did not meet with success in Brussels. The most fatal of his proposals, which he did not find himself able to withdraw, was that of a veto of the decisions of the Board of Commissioners of E.D.C. for a period of eight years. The effect of this would have been to deprive E.D.C. of its "supra-national" status during that period. It would also in all likelihood have made the attainment of that status impossible. Men like MM. Spaak and Beyen, the Foreign Ministers of Belgium and the Netherlands, could in no case accept such a weakening of the proposed structure.

Did the French President of the Council hope that they would? The question is unanswerable and therefore unprofitable. He was in a cleft stick. It is not necessarily to be inferred that his terms were those which he would have presented had he had a free hand; indeed, it is reasonable to suppose that in that event they would have been more realistic. Yet the fact remains that, for all his skill and ability, he was astray in an unfamiliar realm. He did not understand the outlook or the sentiments of the other States. In an international affair his policy was starkly and blindly nationalist. A visitor from another planet would have thought that France had been the only sufferer at the hands of Germany. He would have been surprised to learn that in the last war Belgium and the Netherlands had been neutrals and had been attacked by Germany without provocation, whereas France had declared war on Germany, and that in the last forty years Belgium, as well as France, had been twice occupied by German forces.

What is to be done now? Obviously the other five States concerned are not going to accept the right of France to control their common future. Obviously also the restoration of sovereignty to the Federal Republic of Germany cannot be put aside while the eternal histrionics of French politicians occupy the

agreements originally intended to come into effect only after the passage of the E.D.C. Treaty. He had the strength of mind to add that Britain and the United States were justified in making preparations to grant Germany sovereignty and full independence if the treaty were rejected. I write while the decision of France still hangs in the balance but at a moment when prospects of saving the treaty seem worse than they were at the start of the debate. Even were there to be another postponement, it would need to be brief. Dr. Adenauer has shown admirable patience and appreciation of French difficulties. He cannot be expected to wait eternally.

Downright rejection of the treaty would be a far-reaching tragedy. In dread of lying defenceless before Germany, France would by her own action have weakened her position by arousing in that country an anger of which there had been no previous signs. One of the brightest features of European politics, the relative friendliness of Franco-German relations, would have been dimmed. At the same time France would find herself without a single supporter of her course of action, either within the E.D.C. orbit or the wider orbit of the N.A.T.O. States directly interested. There, it seems to me, lies the final verdict on the controversy. By no flight of the imagination can Belgium and the Netherlands be represented as pro-German, as sword-rattling, or as reckless nations. They have reached their decision because they have stable and responsible Governments, just as France would have done long ago had she been in possession of that source of strength.

Nothing could be sadder and at the same time represent more truly the state of affairs than the sketch given by M. Mendès-France of the arguments

with which he was faced in Brussels. "When rearmament of Germany was proposed, you propounded E.D.C. That was accepted, and you asked for extra protocols. We gave you these protocols and you next asked for preliminary undertakings. Now you are asking for further changes. The next French Government will ask for something else. . . . You must decide at last. You must say yes or no." It is not only allies who have felt frustrated. The people of France are in the same boat. A sentiment of disgust with politics, coupled with impotence on the part of the electors, has been apparent since the comparatively early days of the new constitution. Let it be admitted that there are far too many who shrug off the whole matter and ask only to be allowed to make money and avoid responsibilities. A better political structure—and perhaps better politicians—would have achieved something to remedy this ill.

I believe that "Little Europe," the political and economic side of the European Defence Community, is likely to survive. Whether it will create the desired form of economic union, in face of the barriers of Customs, uneven currencies, prejudices, and vested interests, as fast or as fully as its planners hoped, may be a matter of doubt. The principle, however, has, on the whole, worn well, and I do not think it

will now be abandoned, whatever the fate of E.D.C. On the military side, though the entry of the Federal German Republic into the North Atlantic Treaty in default of E.D.C. seems to be the most logical and practical settlement, I must own that I do not regard it as being as safe. This is not the view of all; apparently the Dutch Government would prefer N.A.T.O. to E.D.C. for Germany. The latter possesses, however, the great advantage that it would keep the Germans in constant relations and in close touch with other peoples of Western Europe, formerly their enemies.

The essence of the French mistake has been from the first the theory that Germany could be brought in as a quasi-captive and rearmament as a sort of Varangian Guard. This proposal, having revealed itself in its crudest form in the first drafts for German participation in defence, was laughed out of court and had to be modified. Yet it survived, to reappear in a slightly subtler shape in the proposals which M. Mendès-France took to Brussels. Let us hope that it has now been finally disposed of. For the rest, the United States and Britain are not partners in E.D.C., but they cannot accept the notion that, if E.D.C. fails, the German problem goes back into the melting-pot.



THE REAL CAPITAL OF BRITISH COLUMBIA: ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFULLY-SITUATED AND BEAUTIFUL CITIES OF CANADA—VICTORIA, SEEN FROM THE PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

In our issue of July 27 we published a full-page photograph of another beautiful city of British Columbia—Vancouver—and, rashly accepting without check an official caption on the back of the photograph, announced that Vancouver was the capital of British Columbia. The consequences of that error may be imagined; and they have been briefly summed up by Vancouver's City Archivist, Major J. S. Matthews, in a letter to Mr. W. A. McAdam, the Agent-General of the Province in London, as follows: "Speak of atomic bombs; they are as nothing to the explosion in Victoria; the roar was heard even here, as far as 80 miles." We, too, have received our quota of letters: from England; Wales; the Royal Canadian Navy in English waters; Victoria, B.C.; Vancouver; High Prairie, Alberta; and San Diego, California; and their tone has ranged from high indignation to sly approval—the last mostly bearing Vancouver addresses. More seriously, we sincerely regret this careless error on our part; and we are glad to take this opportunity of publishing a correction and reproducing this photograph of Victoria, the beautiful city which has always been the capital of British Columbia. It had a population of 51,331 in 1951 and will celebrate in eight years' time the centenary of its incorporation as a city in August, 1862.

stage. "Go ahead without France!" say the impatient. Yet such a solution is in the first place very undesirable and likely to play into the hands of the Communists, the neutralists, and the weaklings who want to avoid a decision of any kind, and to depress and sour the bolder and more resolute spirits. In the second place, it is not a simple or an easy procedure. By a strange error of judgment the treaty under which the sovereignty of the Federal Republic was to be restored was joined to and made dependent on the treaty which was to bring E.D.C. into being. French opponents of E.D.C. regard this as their trump card. And from the strictly legal point of view it would seem that, should France finally and definitely turn down E.D.C., German sovereignty could not be achieved without formally dissolving the connection between the two treaties.

What is certain is that if France reaches a definitely hostile decision the nations concerned will have to act, however dreary and tiresome it is to thrash out again all that business and to repair a provision which would then be unjust to Western Germany. M. Mendès-France told the National Assembly that the Deputies would probably have to return from their holidays for a short session on the ratification of the Bonn

TO BECOME THE ROYAL AIR FORCE CHURCH
WHEN RESTORED: ST. CLEMENT DANES.



GUTTED BY AN OIL-BOMB IN WORLD WAR II.: THE CHURCH OF ST. CLEMENT DANES, IN THE STRAND, SHOWING THE STEEPLE AND THE BURNED-OUT RUINS.



"'ORANGES AND LEMONS' SAY THE BELLS OF ST. CLEMENS": THE TWO LARGEST BELLS, NOW CRACKED, OF THE ORIGINAL PEAL OF TEN BELLS.



ST. CLEMENT DANES AS IT WAS BEFORE THE LAST WAR: A VIEW OF THE INTERIOR, LOOKING TOWARDS THE ALTAR FROM THE NAVE.



ST. CLEMENT DANES AS IT IS TO-DAY: A SAD TRANSFORMATION OF THE SCENE SHOWN IN OUR PHOTOGRAPH ON THE LEFT.

On May 10, 1941, St. Clement Danes, in the Strand, one of London's famous old churches, was gutted by an oil-bomb dropped by a German aircraft; since that time its fate has been in the balance. Recently, however, the decision was taken to restore the church as accurately as possible to its former state and to hand it over to the Royal Air Force for their use. It will remain Anglican and will be open daily, but it is unlikely that regular services will be held there for the public. Plans for the restoration have been approved by the Royal Fine Art Commission and, in principle, by the War Damage Commission, who will

provide most of the cost of rebuilding. It is hoped to start work at the end of this year and to complete it by 1956. The architect for the restoration is Mr. W. A. F. Lloyd. It is expected that stained-glass windows, commemorative plaques and memorials, altar plate, pews and other furnishings showing the association with the R.A.F., will be presented. The priest will be a R.A.F. chaplain licensed by the Bishop of London. In 1680 a church which stood on the present site was taken down and rebuilt from designs by Wren. The steeple, which still stands, was added in 1719 by James Gibbs, a pupil of Wren.

LIFE IN THE REMOTE REGIONS OF NEW GUINEA : ISLAND ADMINISTERED BY THE GOVERNMENTS



"THIS LITTLE FIG STAVED AT HOME": A STUDY IN CONTRASTS AT KOKODA, A REMOTE ADMINISTRATIVE POST IN THE NORTHERN DIVISION OF PAPUA. THE LITTLE GIRL WAS THE FIRST EUROPEAN CHILD EVER SEEN BY THE NATIVES OF THE AREA.



WHERE CHILDREN FROM MANY SURROUNDING TRIBES ARE TAUGHT: THE ADMINISTRATION SCHOOL AT KOKODA (FOREGROUND). THE ADMINISTRATIVE POST ITSELF IS ON THE ELEVATED LAND BEHIND THE SCHOOL.

THE PEOPLES AND SCENERY OF A VAST PACIFIC OF AUSTRALIA AND THE NETHERLANDS.



THE ADMINISTRATIVE POST AT LAKE KUTUBU, IN THE DELTA DIVISION OF PAPUA. SO RUINED IS THE COUNTRY HERE THAT A 90-MILE JOURNEY OVERLAND ON FOOT TAKES FIFTY-SIX DAYS.



STANDING BESIDE A MEMORIAL PLAQUE WHICH SETS OUT THE SALIENT DETAILS OF THE CAMPAIGN IN THE AREA FOLLOWING THE JAPANESE INVASION OF 1942: TRIBESMEN OF KOKODA ATTIRED IN THEIR COLOURFUL CEREMONIAL DRESS.

THE great island of New Guinea is divided into two parts—Netherlands New Guinea, administered by Holland; and the Trust Territories of Papua and New Guinea, administered by Australia since 1906 and 1921 respectively. Both Holland and Australia, as members of the United Nations, have accepted the responsibility of promoting to the utmost, in accordance with the principles of the Charter, the well-being of the natives under their control. The Indonesians, ever since they became independent, have persistently laid claim to Dutch New Guinea and recently their Government has announced its intention of putting the question before the U.N. Assembly. When sovereignty over the Netherlands Indies was transferred to the Indonesian Republic, however, this territory was expressly excluded and the Dutch Government has, naturally, strongly opposed such claims. The

(Continued opposite.)

(RIGHT.) SHOWING A NATIVE VILLAGE PERCHED ON THE MOUNTAIN RIDGE NEAR TAPINI, PAPUA, AMID TYPICAL ROUGH COUNTRY OF THE ISLAND.



FAMOUS FOR ITS BEAUTIFUL BLUE COLOUR AND MOST INACCESSIBLE OUTSTATION IN PAPUA.



IMMENSE DEPTH: LAKE KUTUBU, SITE OF THE LAKE IS 2650 FT. ABOVE SEA-LEVEL.



(Continued) Australian Government supports the Netherlands Government, fearing that any change of status would result in disorders in the neighbouring territory. The photographs which we reproduce here give some idea of outstation life in the remote districts of Australian Papua and New Guinea—some so remote as to be accessible only by aeroplane. The duties of the Administration officials are many, ranging from supervision of the routine activities of the outstations to hazardous patrols, usually on foot, into little-known regions where as yet their influence may be scarcely felt. The task of winning over primitive tribesmen is not easy. But the Australian people are justly proud of the success which is rewarding the efforts of their Administrators.

Official photographs reproduced by courtesy of Australian News and Information Bureau.

(LEFT.) SPRAY RISING LIKE STEAM FROM A BOILING CAULDRON: THE CASCADING WATERS OF HEAVEN FALLS, NEAR LAKE KIKUBU, WHICH FALL MORE THAN 1000 FT.



AT THE SOGERI TRAINING CENTRE OF THE ROYAL PAPUAN CONSTABULARY AND NEW GUINEA POLICE FORCE: A GROUP OF CADET PATROL OFFICERS UNDERGOING INSTRUCTION.



ALWAYS AN EVENT OF INTEREST TO THE NATIVES OF PAPUA: THE ARRIVAL OF A "BALUS" (LITERALLY "PIGEON," BUT MEANING AIRCRAFT) AT KOKODA.



MORNING PARADE AT KOKODA. THE OFFICER IN CHARGE DETAILING ADMINISTRATION EMPLOYEES. IN THE FOREGROUND ARE MEN OF THE ROYAL PAPUAN CONSTABULARY.



AN ADMINISTRATION OFFICER AT MANJIRI, IN THE KOKODA DISTRICT, WHO HAS COME TO HEAR COMPLAINTS AND SETTLE DISPUTES AMONG THE VILLAGERS.

THE DISASTROUS HURRICANE WHICH HIT PARTS OF THE U.S. ATLANTIC



BEFORE, DURING AND AFTER THE HURRICANE: BOSTON'S HISTORIC OLD NORTH CHURCH, SHOWING THE STEEPLE IN RIFD (LEFT); AS IT FELL TO THE GROUND AT THE HEIGHT OF THE STORM (CENTRE); AND AS IT APPEARED AFTER THE STORM (RIGHT). IN THE STEEPLE THERE HUNG THE LANTERN SIGNAL WHICH STARTED PAUL REVERE IN 1775 ON HIS FAMOUS RIDE.



HIGH AND DRY ON CROW ISLAND AT FAIRHAVEN, MASSACHUSETTS: TWO LARGE FISHING VESSELS WHICH WERE DRIVEN AGROUND BY THE FORCE OF THE STORM ON AUGUST 31.



THE SCENE WHICH MET MOTORISTS AT LA GUARDIA AIRPORT, NEW YORK: PARKED CARS WITH FLOOD-WATERS UP TO THE WINDOWS AFTER THE GREAT STORM.



SOME OF THE HARDEST HIT PARTS OF SOUTHERN NEW ENGLAND: A MAP SHOWING THE AREAS WHICH SUFFERED THE HEAVIEST DAMAGE DURING THE HURRICANE.



AFTER THE HURRICANE: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE DEVASTATION AT OAKLAND BEACH, WARWICK, RHODE ISLAND, WHERE BUILDINGS WERE TORN FROM THEIR FOUNDATIONS.



ALMOST TOTALLY BURIED BY SAND: A CAR IN FRONT OF A BLOCK OF STORES AT THE BADLY-HIT RESORT OF WATCH HILL, IN RHODE ISLAND.

COAST : SCENES DURING AND AFTER THE STORM.



LEFT RESTING PRECARIOUSLY ON STILT-LIKE FOUNDATIONS: A SUMMER RESIDENCE AT WAREHAM, MASSACHUSETTS, AS IT APPEARED AFTER THE HURRICANE. MANY SIMILAR BUILDINGS WERE DAMAGED.



DURING THE HURRICANE: SOME PEOPLE TRYING TO SALVAGE SOME OF THE DAMAGED BOATS AT THE BOSTON YACHT CLUB.



HANGING ON TO A HURRICANE-LASHED TREE FOR SUPPORT: TWO YACHTSMEN WHO SAW THEIR YACHT BEING SMASHED AGAINST ROCKS AT QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS.



(ABOVE) AT MARTHA'S VINEYARD, MASSACHUSETTS: ONE YACHT (LEFT) DRIFTING WHILE OTHERS ARE BEING BATTERED AGAINST A PIER FROM WHICH BUILDINGS ARE TOPPLING INTO THE WATER.



LIFTED FROM THE WATER BY THE HURRICANE OR SUNK: SOME OF THE BOATS AT MARTHA'S VINEYARD AS THEY APPEARED AFTER THE STORM.



RESCUED AFTER DRIFTING FOR OVER TWO HOURS ON THE ROOF OF THEIR COTTAGE: MRS. BOUDREAU, OF FALL RIVER, MASS., AND HER CHILDREN.

On the last day of August a hurricane, with winds of up to 100 m.p.h., swept up the Atlantic coast of the United States, hitting Long Island and parts of New England and killing over fifty people, injuring about 1000, leaving 60,000 homeless and doing millions of dollars' worth of damage. A state of emergency was declared in some cities in three States, and coastal areas of Long Island, Rhode Island and some

parts of Massachusetts were evacuated. Although New York City missed the full force of the hurricane, transport was crippled and power lines damaged. In Boston the great gale blew down the steeple of the famous Old North Church, where hung the lantern signal for Paul Revere to start his famous ride to give warning of the advance of the British troops early in the War of American Independence. A

number of the great elms on Boston Common were uprooted and much of the city was without electricity: hundreds of panes of glass in the control tower at Boston Airport were broken. Rhode Island was one of the hardest hit areas; at Newport water swept over the sea wall and flooded streets to a greater depth than during the disastrous hurricane of 1938. In Connecticut the hurricane caused flooding in

New London and Providence, and a state of emergency had to be declared in both cities. After raging through seven States the storm, during the night, passed on to Canada, where Montreal and Quebec were the heaviest hit. A new Caribbean hurricane, reported from Miami on September 1, followed a course well out to sea and did not swing in to the coast in the way in which its disastrous precursor did.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

THE WOOD AND THE TREES.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT has been in many ways a difficult week; but I went with more than usual hope to the Edinburgh Festival production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Here might be good cheer: a performance, by an Old Vic cast, of Shakespeare's loveliest comedy: a performance, moreover, that since it was designed for export—it is to open this month at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York—must surely present some of the best in English playing and production.

Edinburgh, on this dampish night, was vastly excited. It took an effort to get into the Empire

Shakespeare does not report this, but the designers, Robin and Christopher Ironside, like the notion, and the picture is happy enough. Throughout the evening the stage is shimmering with colour. If one feels that some of it is ill-bestowed, there may be many to disagree. Vast, cut-out woods, pasteboard trees, are not to all tastes, but the first-night audience was happy with everything. It all depends upon one's idea of Shakespearean spectacle.

What of the Mechanicals? I had a feeling that those hard-handed men might be lost in this welter of décor. It would not have surprised me in the least if there had been a special Duke's Oak ballet for them.

richness like a cake rising in the oven. But he acts Bottom without any special sense of character. At one point he might almost have been the Mr. Lenville of the Crummies company, deposited suddenly in Athens-by-Arden and not much liking the job. This Bottom is funnier when he wears the ass's head. It is a most complicated affair of rolling eyes, curtained eyebrows, and snapping jaws. Later, as Pyramus, Mr. Holloway is tepid: likeable but tepid. It is curious that we should have to remember a Nick Bottom—and in so elaborate a revival as this—simply for the manipulation of the ass's head.

We must all have deep respect for the Vic. It is a pity not to be able to like better a revival that has cost so much time and effort. But its tribute is to Mendelssohn, and to the art of the ballet, rather than to Shakespeare's verse. It would have been far more imaginative to let the dramatist speak for himself. Oddly, not long before going to the theatre, I had read an essay on "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in a new book of collected criticism ("Theatre"), by the late Sir Desmond McCarthy. In his view, scenery should aim at "the expression of a beauty consonant with the underlying emotion which runs through the poetry of a scene, act, or play." Again: "The setting of poetic drama should be helpful but not compete with it, lead our fancies in the direction of the spirit of the scene but leave them free." I wish that the minds behind the new "Dream" had considered this.

I enjoyed more one of the lesser productions of the Edinburgh Festival: one of those "fringe" events about which we hear relatively little. Duncan Macrae is the best Scottish actor, and it was gallant of him to revive, at the Palladium Theatre—which is normally a music-hall—James Bridie's "Gog and MacGog." Not one of Bridie's major plays, it is nevertheless a very amusing one. It proves nothing at all except that Man is a bellicose animal, and that a village in the Highlands can be split into faction-fighting over the most wildly recondite argument. What distinguishes the play is the character of Harry MacGog, itinerant poet in the manner of MacGonagall of Dundee (one hears the rhymes if one waits long enough), who finds himself in an uncommonly odd situation in the village of Ashet. The situation is not so odd that he has no time to recite his own verse, and also a remarkable mock-Shakespearean speech in which



"NOW, UNTIL THE BREAK OF DAY, THROUGH THIS HOUSE EACH FAIRY STRAY": OBERON, KING OF THE FAIRIES (ROBERT HELPMANN), AND TITANIA, HIS QUEEN (MOIRA SHEARER), STANDING AMONG THE FAIRIES IN THE HALL OF THE PALACE OF THESEUS; ONE OF THE ELABORATE SCENES IN THE OLD VIC REVIVAL OF "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," WHICH HAS BEEN ONE OF THE FEATURES OF THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL.

Theatre. A few minutes before curtain-rise the house rose to greet Princess Margaret. And when the Scottish National Orchestra was playing Mendelssohn's overture, one sensed the feeling of an occasion. Clearly, the audience was anxious to applaud, to let itself go, genuinely to enjoy itself.

More than three hours later that audience was still applauding after what seemed like nearly a score of curtain-calls. We had seen and heard—with the emphasis on sight—the most elaborate Shakespearean revival of our time. Enthusiasm was extraordinary. And yet, in all candour, I cannot believe that this revival will be a good ambassador of English Shakespeare.

Producers have often used "A Midsummer Night's Dream" as a kind of clothes-horse. No one has done it more determinedly than Michael Benthall at Edinburgh. I enjoy spectacle in the theatre as much as anyone, but to smother this fantasy in décor, to pad it with choreography, is, in effect, to seek with taper-light "the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish."

The revival has all the Mendelssohn music. It has a large *corps de ballet*. It has an acreage of scenery. The wood is immense, the palace palatial. And I felt all the while as if a large feather bed were pressing down upon Shakespeare. Often I had found the atmosphere of that midsummer night better realised on a stage practically bare, hardly a leaf in sight, not a dancer in the house.

Agreed, the ballets are the best things in this evening. Moira Shearer, as we all know, is a snow-flake-dancer. The *pas de deux* with Robert Helpmann is a pleasure. But we do go, or should, to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" for the sake of the verse. We hear the verse from Mr. Helpmann's mouth; otherwise, little indeed of the speaking holds the memory: Anthony Nicholls's, perhaps, with the speeches of Theseus at daybreak: a few lines of Ann Walford's little Hermia: nothing else. And how alarming that is! One phrase of Shakespeare, well spoken, is worth all the twirls and pirouettes, all the flit-flutter, the marching and counter-marching in the world. Moira Shearer, delicate, auburn-haired, is a ballerina for our affection; but she speaks Titania thinly, without apparent zest. So with some of the other players. I am not denying that the Mendelssohn came over finely, that the ballets were well danced. But I think, on the whole, that if a spectacle based on Shakespeare had been required, it would have been wiser to have sent abroad Purcell's "The Fairy Queen."

Now and then, in the new "Dream," there are memorable stage pictures: the sight of Titania in her bower, "over-canopied with luscious woodbine, with sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine," or the spectacle of the Wedding March, which is none the worse because it looks like the kind of vast ceremonial canvas that our grandparents loved. Earlier, Titania and Bottom arrive by boat at a haunted moonlit mere in mid-forest:

There was not. At first Mr. Benthall seemed resolved to play the Mechanicals down. Then, at the last, in "Pyramus and Thisbe," he played them up, and the interlude became an orgy—not so much because of Bottom but because of the unrestrained fooling of Flute-Thisbe (Peter Locke), who must obviously be one of the lights of amateur acting in Athens: a brand of beauty-queen Thisbe, a comic "cutie." Eliot Makeham's benevolent little pippin-Quince had quality. Others were competent. There was little real invention in the treatment of the interlude: Snout spoke, I believe, of "Thiramus and Pisbe," but that is not really an excitement to chronicle.

The Weaver himself perplexed me. Stanley Holloway is normally a comedian of a slow-heaving



"QUITE OVER-CANOPIED WITH . . . SWEET MUSK-ROSES, AND WITH EGLANTINE": TITANIA, QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES (MOIRA SHEARER), LIES ASLEEP IN HER BOWER IN THE WOOD NEAR ATHENS, SURROUNDED BY HER ATTENDANTS; A SCENE FROM THE OLD VIC PRODUCTION OF SHAKESPEARE'S "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE, EDINBURGH. [Photograph by courtesy of the Scottish Tourist Board.]

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"GOG AND MACGOG" (Palladium, Edinburgh).—The best of the Festival "fringe" productions this year is a revival of one of Bridie's most cheerful pieces of nonsense, written mainly to introduce the character of Harry MacGog, a poet who is clearly MacGonagall, the rhymester of Dundee. Duncan Macrae plays him with unfailing spirit. (Seen August 30.) "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" (Empire, Edinburgh).—Although this is the most lavish production of Shakespeare's fantasy in our day, it does not follow that it is the best; and, indeed, I am afraid that the night belongs less to Shakespeare than to the dancers and the musicians. No doubt there is a case for producing the play in this way; but Shakespeareans who look anxiously for the verse among the foliage may not say so. Still, there are compensations: Robert Helpmann's speaking, for one thing—this Oberon is indeed the King of Shadows. And for those who hold that the trimmings are the best part of a "swarry," Moira Shearer dances beautifully. The Mechanicals are moderate; Stanley Holloway, to our surprise, makes almost a cipher of Nick Bottom, and no one is less of a cipher than that redoubtable and resourceful weaver. (August 31.)

Richard III. cries "God for Richmond, Scotland, and St. George," and ends with a powerful "Get thee to Milford Haven!" Mr. Macrae makes a living figure of the man. He could have been a caricature: as Macrae plays him he runs from a world of fantasy into truth. We felt, as we came out into the Edinburgh night, that MacGog, lantern-jawed and raggedly portentous, might be swaying from an alley at any moment with astonishing verses curling from his lips: verses in which, though we cannot see the wood for the trees, there is usually a way out somewhere.

A SPARKLING GLYNDEBOURNE REVIVAL: "LE COMTE ORY" AT EDINBURGH.



LE COMTE ORY (JUAN ONCINA; CENTRE) DISGUISED AS A HERMIT, WITH COMTESSE ADELE (SARI BARABAS; RIGHT, SINGING) AND ISOLIER (FERNANDA CADONI; LEFT).



LE COMTE ORY UNMASKED (JUAN ONCINA; CENTRE), ADELE (SARI BARABAS; HANDS RAISED), ISOLIER (FERNANDA CADONI; L.), THE TUTOR (IAN WALLACE; WITH CANE; R.).

ONE of the highlights of the 1954 Edinburgh Festival, which ends to-day, September 11, was the revival by the Glyndebourne Festival Opera of Rossini's sparkling, tuneful opera "Le Comte Ory," produced in Paris in 1828. Though it has been revived on the Continent, notably in 1952 at Florence, and given there and in Venice earlier this year, it was practically unknown to present-day British opera-goers. The libretto, by Scribe and Delestre-Poirson, based on an old Picardy legend, tells how the machinations of the wicked Comte Ory are defeated. He has designs on the Comtesse Adèle, whose brother, Comte Formoutiers, is at the Crusades with his friends and retainers. First Ory disguises himself as a hermit, to whom villagers and

(Continued opposite.)



LE COMTE ORY AND HIS MEN DISGUISED AS NUNS IN DISTRESS: THEY HAVE ADOPTED THIS DISGUISE TO GAIN ADMISSION TO THE CASTLE WHERE COMTESSE ADELE (SARI BARABAS) IS LIVING.

Continued.]

others come for good advice. He is unmasked by his Tutor, but then he and his men dress up as nuns and obtain admission to the castle. Further complications are provided by Ory's page Isolier, who is also in love with Adèle; and one highly diverting trio is sung by Isolier, disguised as Adèle, Adèle herself and Ory. The music calls for the highest quality of singing, and the performance, by a company which included the charming Hungarian, Sari Barabas, and the gifted Italian, Fernanda Cadoni; the Scottish Ian Wallace, Spanish Juan Oncina, and English, Australian and Irish singers roused much enthusiasm. The scenery [including a drawbridge in working order] and costumes were by Oliver Messel. Vittorio Gui conducted.



WITH ISOLIER, PAGE TO COMTE ORY, WHO, LIKE HIS MASTER, IS IN LOVE WITH ADELE: ORY'S TUTOR (IAN WALLACE).



THE HAPPY ENDING OF THE GAY ROSSINI OPERA, REVIVED AT THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL. THE LADIES WELCOMING THE RETURNING CRUSADERS, WITH ISOLIER (FERNANDA CADONI; CENTRE) KNEELING TO ADELE (SARI BARABAS).



THE BEAUTIFUL COMTESSE ADELE AND THE WICKED COMTE ORY: MISS SARI BARABAS AND MR. JUAN ONCINA.



KNOWN as destroyers until 1953, when they were officially described as "Daring Class ships," *Daring* ships almost fall into the light cruiser category. With a displacement of 2610 tons and an overall length of 390 ft., they mount an armament of six 4.5-in. dual-purpose guns in twin turrets, two forward and one aft; six 40-mm. Bofors anti-aircraft guns; and no fewer than ten 21-in. torpedo tubes in two pentad mountings. Aft they mount a three-barrelled "squid," one of the deadliest anti-submarine weapons in existence. These squids throw a pattern of depth-charges into the sea in all directions, including the area ahead of the ship which was once the sound detector's blind spot. The six 4.5-in. guns are controlled by radar, and it is said that so incredibly rapid is the volume of fire and so accurate the aim that "Daring Class ships" have the hitting power of light cruisers. Radar data concerning the height, bearing and range of a moving surface target are sent from the Station Director to the Transmitting Room, which does the computing for the laying and training of the guns, and allows for the speed of the firing ship and the target. These calculations are then transmitted from the

(Continued opposite.)

(Continued.) computer to the turrets, and the guns are aimed correctly at the "future position," i.e., the position of the enemy after taking into account the time of flight of the projectile. When the Gunner Officer sees by means of indicator lights in the Transmitting Room that the guns are correctly sighted, all he has to do is to press a trigger and fire them. The four Bofors A.A. guns forward are also equipped with radar control. The speed of the *Darings* is well in excess of 30 knots, and in order to achieve this, considerable hull space is devoted to the two sets of boilers and turbines. In each case they are well separated (as is the modern practice), although inter-connected, so that if one set is put-out of action the other can keep the ship well under way. In outer appearance *Daring* and *Diana* differ from the others of the class in that they now have large raked-after funnels. These were fitted in Malta at the request of Admiral Lord Mountbatten, C-in-C. Mediterranean, in an attempt to beautify the ships, considered by many to be the ugly ducklings of the Navy. On August 16 H.M.S. *Daring* returned to her home port, Devonport, after having spent two years with the Mediterranean Fleet.

THE MOST VERSATILE LIGHT WARSHIP CLASS EVER BUILT FOR THE ROYAL NAVY: THE 2610-TON H.M.S. DARING AND HER SISTER-SHIPS, EACH MOUNTING A MAIN ARMAMENT OF SIX 4.5-INCH GUNS. DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A., WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF THE ADMIRALTY.

THE PEOPLE AND CUSTOMS OF GOA AS DESCRIBED IN A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY MANUSCRIPT.

The illustrated diary from which the excerpt below is taken and from which the drawings on this and the facing page are reproduced, is in a private collection and has not hitherto been published. In view of the interest taken at the present time in the dispute between India and Portugal over the latter's Indian possessions this account of a journey to Goa, made by one Placido Francesco Ramponi during the years 1697 to 1700, may entertain our readers. Ramponi undertook this journey by order of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Cosimo III., for the purpose of erecting a monument to St. Francis Xavier in the Jesuit church of Bom Jesus, Old Goa, and left Florence in the Dispensa on October 29, 1697.

SINCE it was I that was chosen by His Serene Highness the Grand Duke of Tuscany to accompany to Goa, a town in oriental India, the consignment of coloured and smooth stone, bronze bas reliefs and cherubims of marble which he, with magnanimous piety, wished to erect, with my assistance, to the glory of the great Apostle S. Francis Xavier, whose miraculous body is buried in that town; so as not to appear ungrateful of having so much honour conferred upon me, it behoves me to show my gratitude by describing briefly my journey, and all those things of note and worthy of description which I had occasion to observe in the places at which I touched on the way and in the countries through which I passed. . . .

On the evening of the 14th September, 1698, we embarked for Goa, which is about 25 miles from the sea up the river; that is to say, the town is. We could not approach until dawn on the 15th. I went to present the letters of credit from H.S.H. to the prefect of the "Teatini," Don Ipolito Visconti Milanese, who did not wish me to leave the monastery but assigned to me a cell with a Black to serve me, and that despite the fact that I wished to go to the house of Francesco de Crasto, the correspondent of Signor Giovanni Francesco Ginori, there to refresh and repair my body wrecked by the long journey, which, from Lisbon to Goa, is 9,500 Italian miles.

On the 7th of October they started to erect in the Sacristy of the Church of S. Gaetano de Teatini, the holy water-stocks of white marble and mixed stone and the washbasins, which H.S.H. had sent of his charity to the Holy Fathers.

On the 14th of October I began the erection of the monument to S. Francis Xavier, and I went each morning to the Jesuits, that is to say to the Church of the "Good Jesus" in Goa, and, helped now by one master mason now by another (the Canerini, that is to say the natives of the place, spoke Portuguese which they understood well) on the 8th. of November it was finished, to the admiration of all the Faithful, the army and naval officers, and apparently also to the Jesuits.

On the 2nd. of December, the feast day of the said Saint, all the Christians from the islands around Goa, called Salset, Cioron and Baldes, flocked in to the city of Goa, distant from the sea nearly 15 miles. One arrives by the river called Mandovi, which has at its mouth two good fortresses for the defence of the entrance to the town, and which prevent enemy fleets from landing for the purpose of plundering. The largest fortress, which is situated on a small hill, is called the Fortress of Aguada, and the other the Fortress of S. Gian, and this one is the lesser with many covered passages.

The river Mandovi is wide, in some parts about $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile wide in its narrowest part, and has a rise and fall of tide every six hours.

On the banks of the river are various "Aldeas" or villages, with houses made of earth and roofed with the leaves and branches of palms.

The said villages are almost all surrounded by palm woods which produce coconuts or, as we say, nuts of India, and as to when this fruit is good, I will tell you further on.

The town of Goa is about the same size as that of Pisa, but open, and without walls on the land side. On the river side is a fortified wall with a large inner hall, carrying the keys of which constitutes the ceremony of handing over to the new Viceroy on the day of his entry, and who then takes possession.

The houses are of a single story; the walls of earth are strengthened with a kind of cement and placed one piece on top of the other and the outside encrusted with lime made from the shell of oysters

and whitened over with plaster—a whitening made of the said shells which is like snow. So white is it, that when walking in the city when the sun is shining, the whiteness dazzles the eyes. The roofs of the said

houses are made in the form of an obelisk, and the tiles placed like fishscales, are made of a fine clay and coloured red, the which is not ugly. On the ground floor of these houses live the slaves and servants, and above live the masters.

Of churches there are many: the Cathedral, where the Priests officiate and where there is an Archbishop; the churches and monasteries of the

taxed by their masters—that is to say those who have to take back to the house 20, 30 or 40 reis following their mode of life and their activity, and if they do not take back what they earn they are beaten by the other Blacks—these go naked except for a small piece of cloth round their loins. The Blacks, men and women, who are appreciated by their masters, are adorned with a collar of silver and a garment of embroidered cotton, which is tied round the waist and falls to the knees. The rest of the body is naked. These carry the umbrella against the sun during walks abroad, and are also the house servants of their masters. They are more or less adorned according to the wealth of their masters, and it is the same with the ladies, the wives of the merchants, who adorn their female slaves with bracelets of gold, earrings, and chains of gold round their necks, but only on feast days and for visiting, and then only when the ladies themselves are present. . . .

Of the Canerini, men and women—that is the natives of that clime, the lower orders—some are dressed in a pair of white hose after the fashion of trousers, whilst the women have a piece of white cloth tied round the waist with the end drawn crosswise over the shoulder and stopping at the waist; thus making the dress. Of this mode of dress I have made a drawing for the benefit of the reader.

The merchants wear shirts, doublet, and hose fastened above the shoes, and are followed by a Black carrying an umbrella. The Whites and the Army officers are also accompanied by a Black with an umbrella, but are dressed in a dress coat, waistcoat, hose, shoes and shirt; all of thin, light material on account of the heat. Finally the priests are dressed as usual, but all that they wear on their backs weighs from 18-20 ounces, and they too have a Black walking behind them with an umbrella. . . .

The leading merchants, infantry and naval captains, go abroad dressed in the Portuguese fashion, but of light material; with two slaves carrying the palaquin, Mulattos as a bodyguard and the Black with the umbrella.

The Viceroy, Monseigneur the Archbishop and a few others, have four bearers to their palaquin as can be seen in the accompanying drawing. The Viceroy also has a horseguard, 30 in number, maintained by the Grand Mogol under the pact made by the cession of a fortress on the south coast.

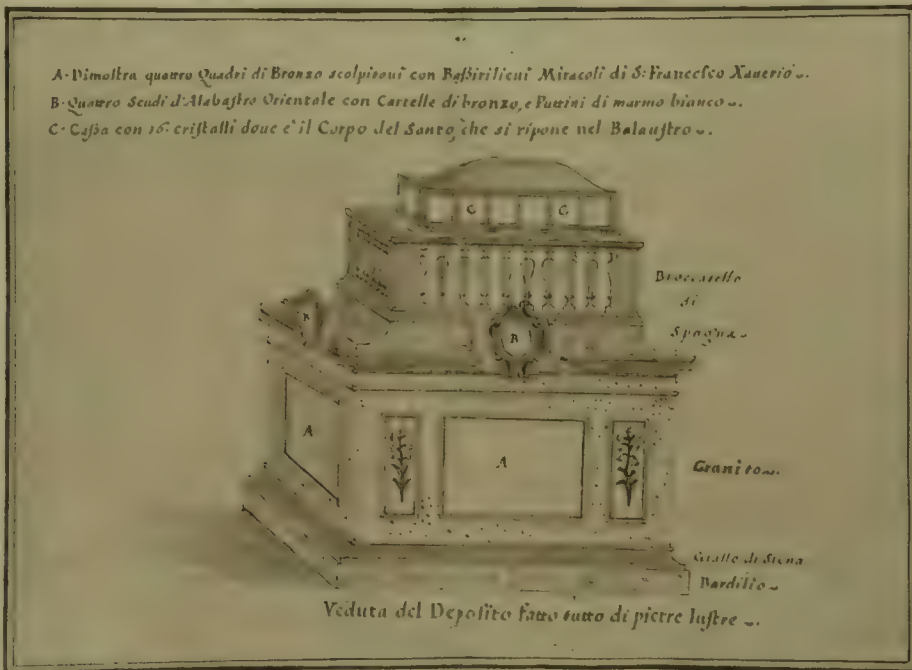
The wives of the important merchants go abroad in palaquins carried by Blacks, with four or six Mulattas as maids and many other slaves carrying cushions, carpets and slippers for use in church when they go to Mass.

The Blacks and Mulattas belonging to these ladies have, besides other things, one of those pieces of coloured cloth tied under the arms and which cover the breasts, and on each finger a ring and many gold or glass bracelets on their arms. The dress of these ladies is a fine shirt with lace in front, a bodice of Chinese silk about four fingers or a little more high and laced in front, a figured skirt, held at the waist and falling to the ankles, a similar drapery over the head, a band of precious-stones round the head, a ring on each finger, a rosary of pearls, in the ears two pearls, shoes and no stockings; all of which may be seen in the accompanying drawing.

The foods of the country are rice cooked with "caril"—that is to say after the rice is cooked it is seasoned with husks which are full of the sour "caril"—great quantities of fish, which is so abundant that often, after having sold many pounds at the lowest price, much still remains in the market places. When the tide is low, that is to say going out, the river falls and the banks remain dry, and the fishermen catch oysters and cockles and shellfish of various kinds in baskets and other fish in nets. The shellfish, oysters and cockles they put in heaps in the squares, take out the animal that is inside, and afterwards bake the shells in ovens making of them the lime and whitening for whitewashing the walls; and from a certain quality of cockle and oyster shell, with the thin part which is transparent, they make the glass for the windows.

For morning lunch the Whites, or Europeans, eat meat, but they are advised to eat little because it is hard to digest, and in the evening no one eats it as the sweat remains in the clothes and does not come out through the pores of the skin, and besides there is little left in the body to digest the food; and as it does not pass out immediately, the plague may follow. It is said that should this happen it is necessary to burn the feet with a red-hot iron as on account of the pain the food passes; and if this is not done and a night passes without fever, death follows. And this is the reason why so many aromatic herbs are mixed with the food.

[Continued opposite.]



THE MONUMENT ERECTED TO ST. FRANCIS XAVIER IN THE CHURCH OF BOM JESUS, OLD GOA, IN 1698. A DRAWING FROM THE DIARY OF RAMPONI, WHO WAS SENT TO GOA IN THE 17TH CENTURY BY THE GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY, COSIMO III., WITH A "CONSIGNMENT OF COLOURED AND SMOOTH STONE, BRONZE BAS RELIEFS AND CHERUBIMS OF MARBLE" FOR ITS CONSTRUCTION.

Dominicans, Augustinians, Franciscans, bare-footed Carmelites, Teatini; and five monasteries belonging to the Jesuits scattered round the city and the aforementioned islands. It is necessary for these churches and monasteries to allow native priests to officiate so as to hear the inhabitants in confession, as the



CONTAINING THE REMAINS OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER: THE ORNATE, SILVER TOMB IN THE JESUIT CHURCH OF BOM JESUS, OLD GOA, PORTUGUESE INDIA, AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY. St. Francis Xavier, "the Apostle of the East," landed in Goa in 1542. He journeyed through India, reaching Malacca, preaching and working miracles. He died in 1552, aged forty-six, whilst attempting to penetrate into China, on the island of Sancian, near Macao. His body was brought back to Goa and was, a century later, found to be incorrupt. He was canonised in 1662.

Europeans do not seem to be skilful in the Canerina language which is spoken round Goa.

All these churches are great buildings, but all dark, with the exception of the Church of the Teatini, which is modern and built from an Italian design, with a vaulted nave, chapels and a domed choir. It is of Doric architecture and stucco adorns the interior of the Church and chapels.

About clothes! The male and female slaves who work outside the house during the day, and who are

GOA IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: SKETCHES BY AN EARLY TRAVELLER.

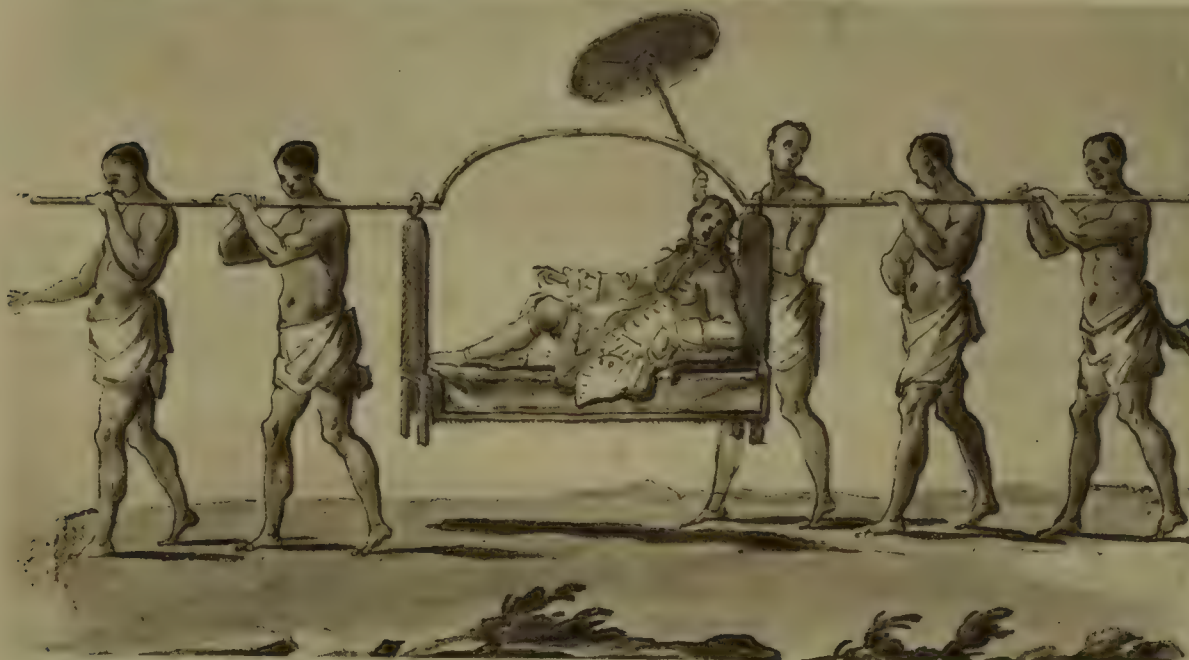
Continued from facing page.]

One of the pastimes of the Indians is to masticate "Areccas" with beatel leaf and "Ciunamo," which is white and spread over the leaf. It makes the mouth red like carmine, and their spittle is the same colour. They say that it helps their digestion. He who wishes to live in India needs to keep his mouth clean, taking care to protect himself from the sun, the dew and the night air, and above all not to involve himself with women inside a year from his arrival . . . Sleeping! The natives sleep on a mat on the ground, and the Whites, the merchants and gentlemen,

[Continued below.]

(RIGHT.)

SHOWING THE RIVER MANDОВI, A RIVER OF GOA, WITH A "RISE AND FALL OF TIDE EVERY SIX HOURS": A MAP DRAWN BY RAMONI DURING HIS VISIT TO GOA IN THE LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY AND DESCRIBED ON THE FACING PAGE. ON EITHER BANK CAN BE SEEN PALM TREE GROVES, WITH THE CITY ON THE LEFT AND AT THE MOUTH THE AGUADA FORTRESS.



SHOWING HOW AN ARISTOCRAT OF SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY GOA WAS TRANSPORTED: A HIGH DIGNITARY, SUCH AS THE VICEROY, BEING CARRIED IN A PALANQUIN BY FOUR SLAVES AND ACCOMPANIED BY A BLACK WITH AN UMBRELLA.



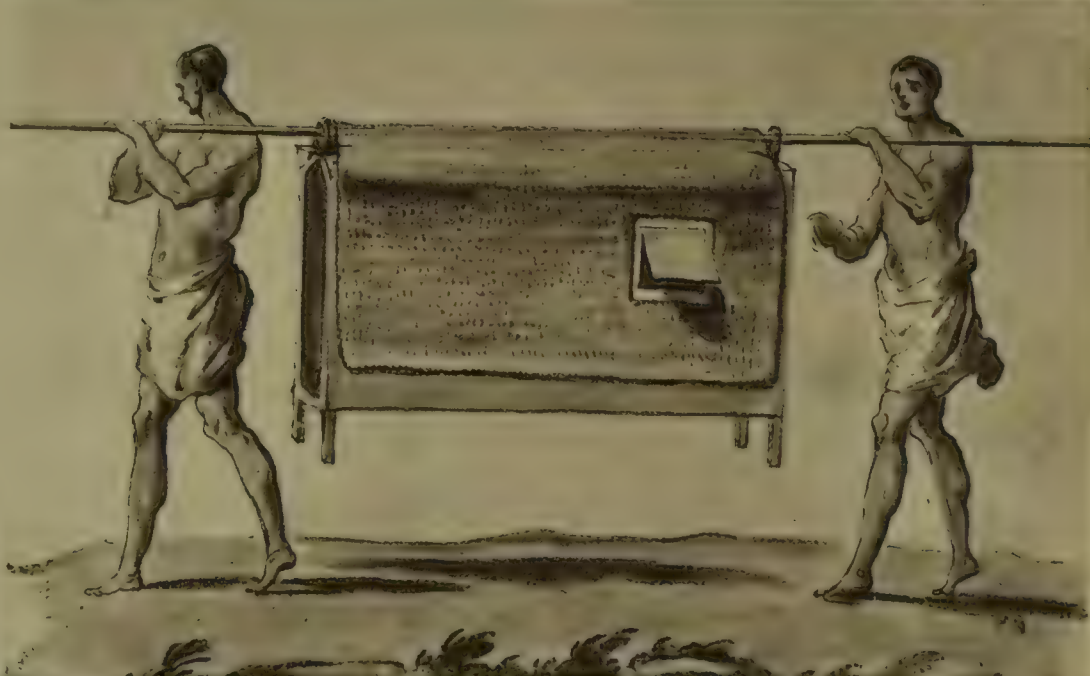
THE COSTUME OF THE WIFE OF AN IMPORTANT GOANESE MERCHANT: A FINE SHIRT WITH A LACE FRONT, A BODICE OF CHINESE SILK, AND A FIGURED SHAWL AND SKIRT.



THE COSTUME OF A FEMALE NATIVE OF GOA—A PIECE OF WHITE CLOTH TIED ROUND THE WAIST AND DRAWN CROSSWISE OVER THE SHOULDER.

Continued from above.]

have their beds one hand's height from the ground or the flooring. The framework of the bed is held together by criss-crosses of thick thread, and on this are laid the mattresses, which are like ours of triple quilting. The pillow, stuffed with cotton, is laid on top of the cotton sheet, and a similar sheet, dyed in various colours and of Indian material, is used as a covering. The difference between the natives! Of those with fuzzy hair nearly all are slaves, those from Bengal and from Malabar, with long straight hair and born of a free Mother, are free. Those born of slaves are ash-coloured and the sun burns them black. The Canerini of the district of Goa and its islands are free, but they are all weak and feeble and only live a short while; he who attains the age of forty is called Noah! That which filled me with admiration was the sight every eight or ten days of the arrival of fleets of from 20-30 boats; one with a load of linen, another with raw or spun cotton, or pepper, or large quantities of drugs; unloading and reloading and dispersing, some to one part of India, some to another. And the city shops! Full of merchandise, and among other streets that of Baniani, which is very long, where on both sides one could see shops all full of great chests, piled high with linen, turbans and coloured cloth, and cloth for Brazil; for the ships which return to Lisbon from Goa touch at Brazil. The chests mentioned above, which come from Cochin, are of six planks about two arms high, that is to say the smaller chests are this height; the length is from 3-5 arms, and the top edge of the planks is reinforced with bands of iron. In these chests Indian cloth is preserved on land as well as on the sea. Another thing which I saw and admired was, three days before



SHOWING THE METHOD OF TRANSPORT OF THE GOANESE MIDDLE-CLASSES: A CLOSED-IN PALANQUIN, WITH WINDOW, USED BY LEADING MERCHANTS, INFANTRY AND NAVAL CAPTAINS, WHO WERE ENTITLED TO TWO BEARERS ONLY.

the fleet left for Europe, the arrival of those merchants called the "Guseratti," who carry little sacks full of a collection of precious stones of all sizes; bags of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, carbuncles, topaz, "diacinti," cats' eyes and others; and for this sight alone I would wish to return. The way in which the Canerini mould the earth of red clay into jars and jugs which they call "Gurgulettas," and other jars for holding water worked like fine porcelain, is curious. They give them the colour of carmine with the juice of grasses. The workmen are real artists, and their method of work is quite different from ours. They spoil much ivory and ebony whilst cutting it. Many of the graceful things which come from China are so elegant that they grace the European cities. First and foremost are the trinkets of porcelain, of every kind, every quality, colour and size; draperies and brocades ornamented with gold leaves, and other fine materials. "Contadores," that is cabinets, varnished in various colours and scented, and with the locks picked out in different colours; screens, about three arms high, made of strips of the finest silk, and various other gallantries and merchandise. But what is even more admirable, each year they vary their inventions in all types of work from porcelain vases to "Contadori," from the quality of the draperies to the linen. These Chinese come to Goa to sell their merchandise at their own price, and if they do not get it they do not sell. Their clothes are all of one piece and look odd when they move. I could tell of the costumes of Baniani and of the cults practised by the idolaters of the surrounding countryside and of the inhabitants of the coast of India, but this I leave to other writers, both past and present, because I do not wish to compete with them.



IN THE CENTRAL HIGHLANDS OF NEW GUINEA: *HETEROMYIAS ALBISPECULARIS*, A BIRD WHICH BELONGS TO THE FLYCATCHER FAMILY, SEEN IN THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHIC AND SIGHT RECORD AT THE NEST. THIS BIRD MOVES LIKE A SHADOW IN THE FOREST, KEEPING LOW IN THE UNDERGROWTH.



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ITS NATURAL HABITAT: A MALE NEW GUINEA GIANT CUCKOO-SHRIKE (*CORACINA LONGICAUDA*) ABOUT TO FEED ITS YOUNG WITH A LARGE LIZARD. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN IN SUNLIGHT AT TOMBA (8000 FT.) IN THE CENTRAL HIGHLANDS OF NEW GUINEA.

BIRDS OF THE MOSS FOREST OF NEW GUINEA PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THEIR

The skilful bird photography of Mr. Loke Wan Tho, of Singapore, is already known to our readers from his photographs of the pheasant-tailed jacana, the yellow-breasted sunbird and the whitebelly sea-eagle which appeared in recent issues of *The Illustrated London News*. On these pages we publish some more of his photographs, this time of some of the birds of New Guinea, which are shown for the first time in their natural habitat. Mr. Loke says that these pictures, taken in the moss forest of New Guinea at 8000 ft., were obtained under extremely difficult conditions owing to the great humidity, and the fact that his flash

equipment was so often soaked by rain that it soon ceased to function. As nearly all the birds of the moss forest place their nest in the darkest and dampest areas of the jungle, extremely long exposures had to be given, with a maximum time of one minute. Sunshine, despite the clearing away of obstructing vegetation, was at best fitful, and periods during which Mr. Loke could work were extremely limited. Several of his cameras also suffered from the severe conditions, the shutter of one entirely failing to function. In writing of the birds shown on these pages, Mr. Loke says that *Heteromyias albispecularis* belongs to the flycatcher



A BIRD WHICH LINES ITS NEST WITH THE SKELETONS OF DEAD LEAVES: *EUPETES LEUCOSTICTUS* SEEN IN THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHIC RECORD AT THE NEST. THIS BIRD IS ABOUT THE SIZE OF A SMALL THRUSH AND BELONGS TO THE SUB-FAMILY TIMALINAE.



AT ITS NEST IN HEAVY MOSS FOREST, 15 FT. OFF THE GROUND: A FANTAIL FLYCATCHER (SPECIES IS PROBABLY *ALBOLINEATA*) WHICH IS ABOUT THE SIZE OF A STARLING. THE NEAT CIRCULAR NEST HAS A DECORATIVE "TAIL"; AND IS HEAVILY PLASTERED OUTSIDE WITH A COBWEB-LIKE MATERIAL.

NATURAL HABITAT: STRIKING PICTURES TAKEN UNDER DIFFICULT CONDITIONS IN THE JUNGLE.

family, or, at any rate, this is the family in which it is at present placed. Observations in the field show, however, that *Heteromyias* behaves more like a Babbler. It moves like a shadow in the forest, keeping low in the undergrowth. It is silent near the nest, and on it remains still and contemplative. It has long, flesh-pink legs, and a strong, heavy bill. The adult birds often perch sideways on an upright tree-trunk, like the Nuthatch which, indeed, they resemble in size. All the nests of *Eupetes leucostictus* were found to be beautifully lined with the skeletons of dead leaves. These birds belong to the sub-family *Timalinae*, and are one of the ground-

frequenting Babblers. The striking photograph of the New Guinea Giant Cuckoo-Shrike (*Coracina longicauda*) about to feed its young with a large lizard was taken in sunlight with a 4-plate Speed Graphic camera and Kodak Super-XX film-pack. The nest was placed some 50 ft. up in a tree and the branch on which it was placed was cut and gradually lowered to the photographer's level (note the lichens on the branch among which orchid plants are growing). The Fantail Flycatcher and its neat circular nest was photographed in heavy moss forest, 15 ft. off the ground. The outside of the nest is heavily plastered with a cobweb-like material.

GOLD MASTERPIECES OF MACEDONIA AND THESSALY: SOME SPLENDID TREASURES FROM A PRIVATE COLLECTION.



FIG. 1. A BRACELET OF GOLD IN THE FORM OF A SERPENT, PROBABLY (LIKE FIG. 2) FROM A FOURTH-CENTURY B.C. GRAVE IN THESSALY: OF VIGOROUS MODELLING AND GREAT ELEGANCE.



FIG. 2. A GOLD BUCKLE IN THE FORM OF A REEF KNOT, OR "KNOT OF HERCULES," THE CORDS ENDING IN LION HEADS, WITH A LION HEAD IN THE CENTRE. FOURTH CENTURY B.C., PROBABLY PART OF A NECKLACE.



FIG. 3. ONE OF A PAIR OF SERPENTINE BRACELETS IN GOLD, PART OF THE GREAT HELLENISTIC GOLD TREASURE REPUTEDLY FOUND AT CARPENISI. BOTH ARE INSCRIBED WITH THE NAME "ZOILAS."

THE collection of art treasures of Mme. Hélène Stathatos in Athens is world-famous for its richness, beauty and distinguished elegance of taste; and perhaps its most remarkable feature is the section of Greek and Hellenistic gold-work. This section has now been catalogued in a superbly illustrated volume entitled "Collection Hélène Stathatos: Les Bijoux Antiques," by Professor Pierre Amandry (obtainable from the author at the Institute of Archaeology,

University of Strasbourg, price 7000 francs); and our illustrations on this and the facing page are reproduced from this work by permission of the author. The items shown on this page come from three different sources: Fig. 6 comes from a recent small find at Eleutheres; and is the earliest of those shown. Figs. 1, 2, and 11 are part of a group of Hellenistic funerary jewellery, found, according to the dealers, at Demetrias, but nothing is known of the tomb from which they presumably came. Figs. 3, 4, 5, 7 are all part of a famous treasure which came on the market in 1929 and which was found in Thessaly, and the origins of the find are obscure. They are thought to be a single treasure, however, and it is believed that they come from Carpenisi.



FIG. 4. A MAGNIFICENT GOLD CIRCLET, OF TWO UNITS COVERED IN FILIGREE AND ENDING IN BULLS' HEADS: ONE OF THREE SUCH FROM THE CARPENISI TREASURE, PREVIOUSLY CONSIDERED TO BE BRACELETS, BUT PERHAPS TORQUES.



(ABOVE.) FIG. 5. ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE PIECES OF THE CARPENISI TREASURE: THE FRONT OF A GOLD *naishos*, OR MINIATURE SHRINE, SHOWING THE DRUNKEN DIONYSUS, SUPPORTED BY A SATYR—A SUBJECT POPULAR IN HELLENISTIC AND ROMAN ART. PROBABLY 3RD CENTURY B.C.



FIG. 6. TWIGS OF GOLD, PROBABLY PART OF A FUNERARY CROWN: THE REST OF THIS FIND FROM ELEUTHERES, BESIDE THE GULF OF CAVALLA, DATES THE CROWN TO THE EARLY 5TH CENTURY B.C.

(RIGHT.) FIG. 7. A GOLD MEDALLION, SHOWING A HEAD OF ARTEMIS IN HIGH RELIEF, WITH CHAINS ATTACHED—ONE OF FOUR SUCH IN THE CARPENISI TREASURE. THEIR PURPOSE IS OBSCURE, BUT THEY MAY HAVE BEEN USED AS LIDS.



HIGHLIGHTS OF THE HELENE STATHATOS COLLECTION: ANCIENT FILIGREE, HELLENISTIC GOLD, AND A BRONZE.

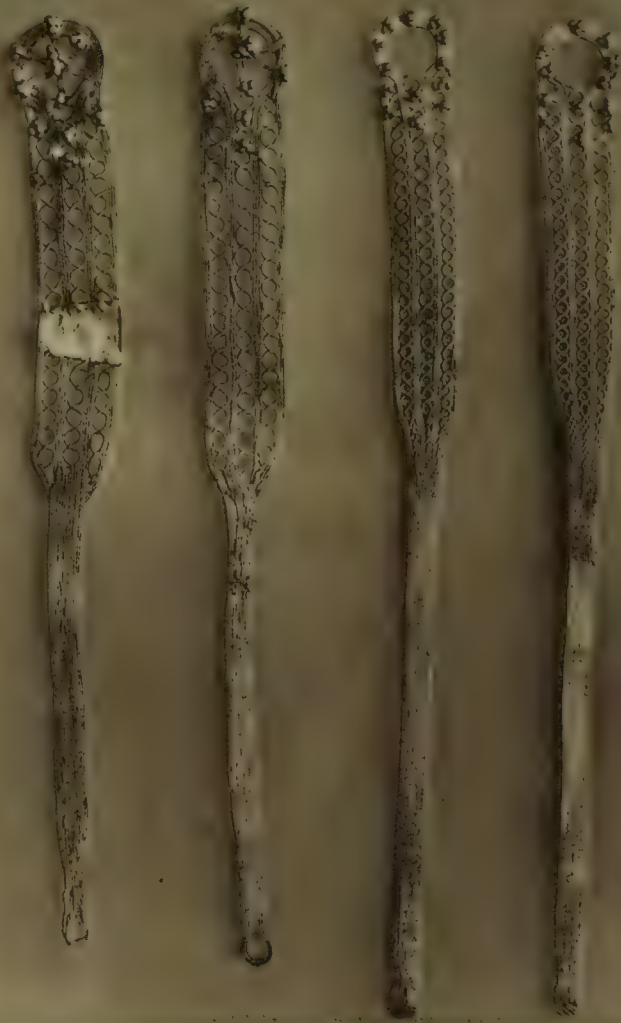


FIG. 9. ONE ELEMENT OF A GOLD GIRDLE OF AMAZING RICHNESS AND COMPLEXITY—HELLENISTIC WORK FROM THESSALY, AND PART OF THE CARPENISI TREASURE. TWO UNITS LIKE THIS WERE LINKED BY A "KNOT OF HERCULES" BUCKLE. THE COLLECTION INCLUDES ANOTHER AND SIMILAR GIRDLE.



FIG. 11. A UNIQUE GOLD DIADEM OF GREAT BEAUTY AND INTEREST: HELLENISTIC AND FROM THE SAME SOURCE AS FIGS. 1. AND 2. A FIGURE OF EROS IS SET ON TOP OF A "KNOT OF HERCULES."

(ABOVE) FIG. 8. FOUR BANDS OF GOLD FILIGREE, BETWEEN 6½ AND 7½ INS. LONG. THE COLLECTION CONTAINS A NUMBER OF THESE BANDS, WHICH ARE BELIEVED TO DERIVE FROM BURIALS IN MACEDONIAN CHALCIDICE. THEIR PURPOSE IS UNKNOWN.

ON this page we show some more beautiful treasures of Hellenistic and other Greek work from the collection of Mme. Hélène Stathatos, at Athens; and our illustrations are again drawn from the recently published catalogue of "Les Bijoux Antiques," of that collection by Professor Pierre Amandry. Figs. 9 and 10—both of which (when complete) incorporate that favourite Hellenistic motif "the knot of Hercules"—are all part of the incredibly rich Carpenisi treasure to which reference has been made on the preceding page. Fig. 12—the bronze mirror-back—is included in the catalogue, together with a few other items not made of precious metal, to show how rich the collection is in other antiquities; and a further illustrated catalogue of such treasures of the collection is foreshadowed. Fig. 8 shows four of the filigree bands which are among the most interesting features of the collection. They are part of a large group of objects of gold and silver, acquired by the collector over a number of years, but now believed to derive from a single clandestine excavation of a single site in Macedonian Chalcidice which took place probably in 1931. In all, there are twenty-five such filigree bands, and they fall into pairs. What their exact purpose was is not known certainly.



FIG. 10. A GOLD FILIGREE BAND WITH A BUCKLE OF INCRUSTED GOLD IN THE FORM OF A "KNOT OF HERCULES"—ALSO FROM THE CARPENISI TREASURE, PROBABLY USED AS A DIADEM.



FIG. 12. A BRONZE MIRROR-BACK OF GREAT BEAUTY. AS WELL AS ITS TREASURES OF GOLD, THE STATHATOS COLLECTION INCLUDES MANY OTHER ANTIQUITIES OF THE FIRST RANK—OF WHICH THIS MIRROR IS A NOTABLE EXAMPLE.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. MEXICAN ART—BIZARRE AND POWERFUL.*

By FRANK DAVIS.

I SUPPOSE that the majority of the English-speaking peoples derive their knowledge of the past of Mexico from W. H. Prescott's "The Conquest of Mexico." How lively, readable and (so I'm told) substantially accurate is that extraordinary narrative! And how quietly content would the delicate and nearly blind American scholar be to know that more than a century after its publication it remains a classic of the same category as Gibbon's "Decline and Fall." For the rest, the next three centuries, as far as we are concerned, pass quietly enough under the Spanish Viceroy, and after that we have a vague notion of bandits and hot suns and generals and assassinations and bull-fighting and oil wells; and D. H. Lawrence, intense and self-tortured in the "Plumed Serpent," and giant cacti, extinct volcanoes, dust and some remarkably interesting modern architectural experiments in the National University, Mexico City. Even to-day, from the humid incomprehensibility of the English summer, the country appears remote and unreal, so that in looking through the admirable photographs which adorn this book "The Art of Ancient Mexico," we are not perhaps surprised by the grandeur of so many of the ancient temples, nor unduly horrified by the singular bloodthirstiness of the religious ceremonies practised within them, which shocked even Cortez and his companions, who can scarcely rank as kindly sentimentalists.

Never were gods so terrible, never were people so afraid. What are we to make of a sculpture of a man sewn up in the skin of a human victim? That was to please the god, and has its insane logic, revolting though it seems, yet not so degrading as the practice of one Nazi concentration-camp boss in having the

far beyond the powers of African barbarism, while the pyramids crowned by temple buildings, of which several notable examples are illustrated, can vie with any remaining monuments of Europe or the East.

Gradually, and particularly within the past quarter of a century, numerous new sites have been examined and many important finds have been made; one of the virtues of this volume lies in the fact that a large proportion of its illustrations is devoted to objects which have been unearthed comparatively recently. Here I must quote Mr. Franz Feuchtwanger, who provides the text and the explanatory notes to the

hearts, hands and skull, her serpent hands and the two snakes which rise from her headless trunk as symbolic spouts of blood"? It is a relief to turn to a little clay figure representing a warrior or a man taking part in the ritual ball-game (whatever that was)—a remarkable piece of pottery in which is seen at its most accomplished this ancient people's talent for showing natural movement. (Plate 68.) Let base-ball fans in the U.S.A. gather round, and also members of the M.C.C.; and let them not criticise too closely the player's stance; let them wonder rather that the batsman wears protective clothing, but no leg pads and goes barefoot. I would like to know

more about this sacred ball-game, which is referred to in a note about another figure, the so-called wrestler, which attracted so much attention in the Exhibition of Mexican Art shown in Paris, Stockholm and London in 1952 and 1953 (and illustrated in our issues at the time)—a basalt figure just over 25 ins. in height. We are informed that the game has been traced back to a very early period in ancient Mexico, and that the players had to parry a massive rubber ball with their hips. Nothing here about hitting it with a bat or stick (Plate 14)—in short, we are left guessing whether or no we are on the track of a remote ancestor of W. G. Grace and Messrs. Compton and Hutton. I would have preferred the author to be more precise on this point. In any case, it is as well that the English should know that ancient Mexico, like ourselves, indulged in a ball-game as part of a religious exercise. A little clay model (Plate 75) appears to show a game of some kind in progress—two players and a very large ball, with the spectators perched on a fence round the pitch. My guess is that there were two games, one with a batsman, the other a cross between water-polo on dry land and all-in wrestling.

There is a stylised head of a macaw



THE CEREMONIAL BALL-GAME: A GROUP MODELLED IN CLAY WITH TRACES OF WHITE, YELLOW AND BLACK COLOUR. NAYARIT. (15½ by 9½ ins.) (Private collection, Mexico, D.F.)

"A characteristic feature of Nayarit art is the occasional anecdotal note reflected in such terra-cotta groups from which we can gain important information about the customs and rituals of the time. The two hut-like temples at either end of the playing-field, which is lined with spectators, should be noted."

109 photographs by Miss Irmgard Groth-Kimball. "A great deal, including countless specimens, of the ancient art of Mexico, must be regarded as irretrievably lost. The Spanish conquerors in the first place seized everything that they regarded as precious, and then went on to destroy systematically those things that were associated with the ancient indigenous cults. Of the show-pieces sent to Europe at this time, the goldsmith's work which Albrecht Dürer so admired in the Netherlands, the feather-work and the mosaics made from precious stones, only a few unique specimens exist to-day; likewise, various folding books painted on animal skins or paper made from tree-bark. . . . Few murals and wood carvings survived. But the Mexican soil harbours virtually inexhaustible quantities of artifacts of stone or baked clay, together with objects made from bone, shell, copper and gold, which have withstood the ravages of time. Again and again archaeologically important pieces and peerless works of art are unearthed by persons tilling or digging the soil, though many of these continue to be destroyed by those who know no better."

Where craft ends and art begins is a debatable question in every age and in every clime. I would suggest that to take a human skull and cover it with a mosaic of turquoise and obsidian and to give it iron pyrites for eyes may have acquired merit among the innumerable deities of the Aztec pantheon, but can scarcely be classed as a major contribution to the world's masterpieces. Far more impressive are the stone masks (Plates 25 and 26, for example), with an expression at once sad, sinister and hopeless. Occasionally a gleam of sunshine breaks through the gloom in a ritual head, as in Plate 64, which wears an enigmatic smile not unlike that seen often enough in Chinese Buddhistic sculpture, but even here we are warned in a note that we must not readily assume that light and laughter is the intention. "These head fragments, usually called 'Caras Sonrientes' or 'smiling faces' have been known and admired for a long time. . . . They seem to depict dancers, or perhaps victims chosen for sacrificial death. The mysterious smile which seems to hover round the heads becomes an expression of ecstasy when the whole figure—with the head thrown back as in a state of rapture—is viewed." We have few chances of escape from the macabre and the horrible, and the solemn gods of Egypt are jolly companions compared to these nightmarish conceptions. What are we to make of Coatlicue, the death goddess of the Aztecs, "with her apron of knotted snakes, her breast adorned with human



STYLISED HEAD OF A MACAW: BASALT SCULPTURE FROM XOCHICALCO.

(Height 22½ ins.) (Museo Nacional Mexico, D.F.)

"In its lapidary stylisation this head strikingly embodies the new spirit of sculpture, designed as an element within the large-scale architecture which made its appearance with Toltec art."

Illustrations by Courtesy of Thames and Hudson, publishers of the book reviewed on this page.

skins of his victims made into lamp-shades; our century also has supped full of horrors but with no religious sanction to explain them. The nearest parallel, I would guess, to the religious rites of the region before the conquest would be the blood ritual of Ashanti in the nineteenth century, but there the analogy ends, for these sculptures and ceramics from the territory now known as Mexico possess a vigour and grandeur



REPRESENTING A RICHLY-DRESSED, BEARDED OLD MAN: A CLAY URN. MONTE ALBÁN.

(Height 18½ ins.) (Private collection, Mexico, D.F.)

"These urns are in the mature style of the second and early third period. Generously and expressively modelled, they are as yet free from the stamp of routine and decorative formalism which many of the later clay sculptures bear." The early period of Monte Albán culture dates back some 2300 years.

which makes Picasso look like an insipid drawing-master in an old-fashioned school for young ladies and compels one to ask why civilised man feels so often compelled to produce feeble imitations of this immensely powerful and barbaric style (Plate 77). But these fragments are but single items, fascinating and mainly horrible, from a varied whole. The marvel is that a people so obviously scared out of its wits could produce such monumental and impressive sculpture over so many generations. The triumphant things in the book are the fine photographs of the temple pyramids seen against mountain, sky and cloud.

* On this page Frank Davis reviews "The Art of Ancient Mexico"; 109 Photographs by Irmgard Groth-Kimball (four in full colour); Text and Notes by Franz Feuchtwanger. (Thames and Hudson; 42s.)

ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS IN SCOTLAND.



IN THE KELVIN HALL, GLASGOW: H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER MAKING THE SPEECH IN WHICH SHE DECLARED OPEN THE SCOTTISH INDUSTRIES EXHIBITION OF 1954.



AT THE PRIVATE FASHION DISPLAY OF SCOTTISH FABRICS: THE QUEEN MOTHER, WITH, ON HER RIGHT, MR. NORMAN HARTNELL, THE LONDON DESIGNER, DURING THE SHOW, IN WHICH SHE EVINCE CONTINUOUS INTEREST.



PRESENTING THE PRIZES AT THE EDINBURGH HORSE SHOW: PRINCESS MARGARET HOLDING THE ARTHUR WOOD CUP, WHICH WAS WON BY MISS B. JOHNSON'S PONY NASIR. STANDING NEXT TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS IS THE EARL OF DALKEITH.

On September 2 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother performed the opening ceremony of the Scottish Industries Exhibition in the presence of a large and representative gathering in the Kelvin Hall, Glasgow. The Queen Mother made a 95-minute tour of the exhibition and spoke to numerous stall-holders. Her Majesty was presented with a souvenir of the occasion in the form of a handsome silver teapot and salver made by Scottish craftsmen 200 years ago. The Queen Mother was also present at a private fashion display of Scottish fabrics. A few days earlier, on August 28, Princess Margaret was present for two-and-a-half hours at the Edinburgh Horse Show, and presented the trophies at what was regarded as one of the best and most successful of the series held during the Edinburgh Festivals. The Earl of Dalkeith was show director, and Mr. J. C. Sword, of Craigwell, Ayr, was president of the show.

ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS IN CANADA.

On August 30 the Duchess of Kent, accompanied by her daughter, Princess Alexandra, opened No. 2 generating station at Niagara Falls, Ontario. Two thousand people were present at the ceremony and speeches were made by the Premier, Mr. Frost, and the chairman of the Ontario hydro-electric power project, Mr. Robert Saunders. Earlier, clad in oilskins to protect them from the spray, the Royal visitors paid a visit to the Falls at Ontario, when they were accompanied by Mr. Daley, chairman of the Niagara Parks Commission. Since they arrived in Quebec on August 22, at the beginning of their first visit to Canada, the Duchess of Kent and her daughter have carried out a full programme of engagements which has involved them in many thousands of miles of travel. Their Canadian tour is due to end on September 14, when they will leave Dorval Airport, near Montreal, for New York. They are due to sail for England on September 22.



OPENING THE SIR ADAM BECK NO. 2 GENERATING STATION AT NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT PRESSING THE ELECTRIC BUTTON; ON THE LEFT IS MR. R. SAUNDERS, CHAIRMAN OF THE ONTARIO HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER PROJECT.



ENJOYING HERSELF AT THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. J. D. WOODS, IN TORONTO: PRINCESS ALEXANDRA (RIGHT) JOINING IN THE LAUGHTER DURING A HAPPY EVENING OF DANCING AND OTHER ENTERTAINMENTS.



WELL PROTECTED FROM THE SPRAY: THE DUCHESS OF KENT, WITH PRINCESS ALEXANDRA (L.), WEARING OILSKINS DURING THEIR VISIT TO NIAGARA FALLS. ON THE RIGHT IS MR. DALEY, CHAIRMAN OF THE NIAGARA PARKS COMMISSION.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION: LEADING FIGURES AND GUESTS.



(LEFT) SIR GEORGE ALLEN, THE SECRETARY OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION, SHOWING THE WAY TO PROFESSOR H. SWARZ (CENTRE) AND PROFESSOR C. A. DU TOIT, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF STELLENBOSCH, SOUTH AFRICA.



(RIGHT) SIR JOHN COCKCROFT, THE ATOMIC SCIENTIST AND PRESIDENT OF THE SECTION OF MATHEMATICS AND PHYSICS, TALKING WITH (LEFT) PROFESSOR DU TOIT AT THE RECEPTION IN WADHAM COLLEGE.



AT THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION RECEPTION: (LEFT) SIR HAROLD HARTLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION IN 1950, WITH LADY RUSSELL AND SIR JOHN RUSSELL, FOR MANY YEARS HEAD OF ROTHAMSTED EXPERIMENTAL STATION.



(LEFT) PROFESSOR G. E. DU RIETZ, THE DISTINGUISHED BOTANIST OF UPSALA UNIVERSITY, SWEDEN, TALKING WITH (RIGHT) SIR RICHARD SOUTHWELL, F.R.S., THE GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION SINCE 1947.



(LEFT) DR. E. D. ADRIAN, O.M., P.R.S., THE PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR 1954, WITH (RIGHT) HIS SUCCESSOR, THE PRESIDENT-ELECT FOR 1955, SIR ROBERT ROBINSON, O.M., F.R.S., WAYNFLETE PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY, OXFORD.



(LEFT) SIR JOHN LENNARD-JONES, K.B.E., F.R.S., THE PRESIDENT OF THE CHEMISTRY SECTION, WHO DURING THE WAR WAS CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT OF ARMAMENT RESEARCH, WITH MR. E. BOLTON KING, OF THE BRITISH COUNCIL.



DISTINGUISHED FOREIGN GUESTS AT THE RECEPTION IN WADHAM: PROFESSOR JEAN VERNE, PROFESSOR OF MEDICAL BIOLOGY, PARIS, WITH MME. SIMONE HEBERT, REPRESENTING THE FRENCH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.



DR. E. D. ADRIAN (LEFT), THE PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR 1954, TALKING WITH THE DISTINGUISHED ARCHÆOLOGIST, SIR MORTIMER WHEELER, THE PRESIDENT OF THE ANTHROPOLOGY AND ARCHÆOLOGY SECTION.

On the morning of September 1, before the inauguration of the 116th Annual Meeting of the British Association, at Oxford, the council elected as the Association's President for 1955, Sir Robert Robinson, O.M., F.R.S., Waynflete Professor of Chemistry, Oxford, a former President of the Royal Society. An interesting pendant to Dr. Adrian's presidential address on "Science and Human Nature" was provided by the Sunday evening discourse in the Sheldonian Theatre by Professor C. A.

Coulson, F.R.S., Rouse Ball Professor of Applied Mathematics, Oxford, on "Science and Religion." In this discourse he stressed that science and religion were not in opposition; "science is itself an essentially religious activity"—it was not the whole of religion, but it was a part; and he concluded: "I am tempted to argue that unless we can bring together science and conscience, power and purpose, freedom and responsibility, civilisation itself has only a bare chance of survival."

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT OXFORD: PRESIDENTS OF SOME OF THE SECTIONS.



DR. C. J. STUBBLEFIELD, F.R.S.
PRESIDENT OF THE GEOLOGY
SECTION.



SIR GAVIN R. DE BEER, F.R.S.
PRESIDENT OF THE ZOOLOGY
SECTION.



PROFESSOR J. A. STEERS,
PRESIDENT OF THE GEOGRAPHY
SECTION.



PROFESSOR E. A. G. ROBINSON,
PRESIDENT OF THE ECONOMICS
SECTION.



DR. WILLIS JACKSON, F.R.S.
PRESIDENT OF THE ENGINEERING
SECTION.



DURING THE DEGREE CEREMONY WHICH PRECEDED THE OPENING OF THE 116TH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION: THE PUBLIC ORATOR (IN DARK GOWN) PRESENTING THE ASTRONOMER ROYAL, SIR HAROLD SPENCER JONES, F.R.S., FOR THE HONORARY DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF SCIENCE.



PROFESSOR A. D. MACDONALD,
PRESIDENT OF THE PHYSIOLOGY
SECTION.



PROFESSOR L. S. HEARNSHAW,
PRESIDENT OF THE PSYCHOLOGY
SECTION.



PROFESSOR W. H. PEARSALL,
F.R.S. PRESIDENT OF THE
BOTANY SECTION.



MR. RONALD GOULD,
PRESIDENT OF THE EDUCATION
SECTION.



DR. R. E. SLADE,
PRESIDENT OF THE AGRICULTURE
SECTION.

The inaugural address of the 116th Annual Meeting of the British Association (as reported elsewhere) was given in the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, on September 1, by the 1954 President, Dr. E. D. Adrian, O.M., P.R.S. It was immediately preceded by a Special Convocation of the University, in which Sir Maurice Bowra, the Vice-Chancellor of the University, conferred honorary degrees of Doctor of Science on Sir Ben Lockspeiser, F.R.S.; Sir John Lennard-Jones, F.R.S., Principal of the University College of North Staffordshire; and on Sir Harold Spencer

Jones, F.R.S., the Astronomer Royal. The work of the meeting, which lasted from September 1 to September 8, was divided into the Sections of Mathematics and Physics; Chemistry; Geology; Zoology; Geography; Economics; Engineering; Anthropology and Archaeology; Physiology; Psychology; Botany; Education; and Agriculture. Portraits of the Presidents of all these Sections appear on this or the facing page. The Assembly of Corresponding Societies worked under the Presidency of Dr. C. B. Williams, F.R.S.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



FLOWERING in my garden just now there is a little clump of sweet peas with a truly astonishing history and pedigree. They are the variety I have known since childhood as

A HISTORIC SWEET PEA.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

of August the swallows had begun to pack up as they do just before their autumnal migration south. They sat, and still sit, wing to wing, on the cat's cradle of telephone and other wires which sundry Government bodies have erected over my garden. If it's migration

and the sunny south that is in their minds they have my entire sympathy, and dearly would I love to join them. A spell of September Indian Summer might ensure a few

the "Painted Lady" sweet pea, an antique variety with small pink-and-white flowers, relatively short stems, a more hard-bitten wiry habit than the modern peas, and a fragrance many degrees more powerful than that of any of the present-day monsters.

The seeds were originally sent to me in 1952 as a result of an article on Sweet Peas which I wrote on this page, Aug. 30, 1952, and I trust that the sender, Miss Busby, of Bowral, in New South Wales, will forgive me if, without special permission, I quote from her letter, in which she gave me the history of this special strain of the old pea.

"In 1823," she wrote, "my great-grandfather, John Busby, was appointed by the English Colonial Office as Civil Engineer . . . to the colony of New South Wales, and arrived here complete with ship, four sons, a wife and daughter. Mrs. Busby was a keen gardener, and some of the seeds she brought in her luggage were sweet peas—old pink and white 'lady.' This strain we have kept pure for five generations. Don't grow any other sweet peas near them or they will mix in one season. . . . The seed was grown at 'Cassilis,' our 'Original Grant' of 1829. We still have the place in the family. An unusual thing in Australia nowadays. Seed is disease free—very strong perfume. Unfortunately we lost the purple one during a bush fire."

All gardeners will agree that that is a truly wonderful record of devotion to gardening and to flowers, lasting unbroken for over 130 years and through five generations in one family. That modest little pink-and-white sweet pea has charmed its owners into growing it, without a break, all those years—an annual, which had to be raised season after season, grown and flowered, and seeds saved for next year's growing. What a triumph to have survived those earlier, pioneer days of a hundred or so years ago. Time and opportunity for indulging in the gentler amenities of life, such as gardening, must surely have been difficult to find in Australia in those days. Yet a passionate love of gardening and of flowers, and especially such strong reminders of "home" as sweet peas, will always find a way. In later years this little "Painted Lady" sweet pea must have found itself in competition with the big, flamboyant, modern sweet peas, with their stems like salmon rods, bestrung with wavy-petalled blossoms, four, five and even six to a stem. All honour to "Painted Lady" for holding her own amid such innovations. Perhaps it was due to the very fact that "perfect lady" would fit her more aptly than "painted lady," that she has surmounted such competition. And now, to-day, in addition to essential charm, this gallant little *Lathyrus odoratus* has the added interest—and in some eyes the added value—of being a genuine antique. In the Busby family the plant must long since have acquired the status of heirloom. Long may it survive as such.

Owing to the long spell of deplorable weather this summer, wet, windy and bitterly cold, my stock of treasured Australian "Painted Lady" sweet peas appear to be in grave danger of passing out here without producing any seeds to carry on the tradition. Already during the last days of July and the first days



"THERE IS A FINE GREAT COLONY OF *Anemone apennina* IN MY GARDEN, ONE OF THE FEW GOOD FLOWER FEATURES THAT I INHERITED WHEN I TOOK OVER HERE SOME EIGHT YEARS AGO": PART OF THE MASS OF AGAPANTHUS-BLUE FLOWERS IN THEIR FULL GLORY.

Photograph by J. R. Jameson.



Alstroemeria "LIGTU HYBRIDS": "TO-DAY THEIR COLOURS RANGE FROM SOFT CLEAR PINK AND GODIVA WHITE, THROUGH EVERY SHADE OF SALMON, APRICOT, GOLD AND ORANGE RED, WITH NOT A BAD OR VICIOUS COLOUR AMONG THEM." [Photograph by J. E. Downward.]

AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP

To have a copy of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" sent each week to friends, whether they live at home or abroad, will be an act of kindness much appreciated by them. Orders for subscriptions should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription.

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and possibly painful, to know what hybridists and plant breeders will have made of these lovely *Alstroemerias* in 130 years' time. To-day their colours range from soft clear pink and Godiva white, through every shade of salmon, apricot, gold and orange red, with not a bad or vicious colour among them. Will they, by 2084 A.D., have produced blues and purples, heliotropes and magentas, as well as double-flowered forms? I wouldn't wonder. Meanwhile, let us hope that the original *Alstroemerias* which are shortly to be sent to our relations will remain unaltered in any way, to become antiques, heirlooms in the Tulloh family, as the enchanting little "Painted Lady" has remained in the Busby family.

LAND, AIR AND WATER: THE INGENUITY AND INVENTIVENESS OF MAN, AND A FAMOUS COLT.



THE FIRST TO BE INSTALLED AT A CIVILIAN AIRPORT: AN "ARRESTING" BARRIER IN POSITION AT FAIRFAX AIRPORT, KANSAS CITY, U.S.A.
An "arresting" barrier, similar to the arrester wires used on aircraft-carriers, has been installed at a civilian airport in Kansas City. The cable catches on to the aircraft and is then dragged along pulling after it an increasing length of heavy chain, each link of which weighs some 55 lb.



GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT: A 6-CWT. EDIBLE MODEL OF THE WHITE TOWER (TOWER OF LONDON) WHICH IS AMONG THE MANY EXHIBITS AT THE BRITISH FOOD FAIR. In this photograph Mr. F. C. Day can be seen putting the final touches of icing on a 6-cwt. edible model of the White Tower. When the British Food Fair (which opened at Olympia on September 7) ends on September 18, this cake is to be presented to a children's hospital.



DISCUSSING THE FIXING OF A LONG-RANGE FUEL TANK: MR. J. BALLARD (RIGHT) WITH THE MODEL AIRCRAFT WHICH HE HOPES WILL FLY ACROSS THE CHANNEL. Mr. John Ballard, of Tolworth, Surrey, is hoping to fly his model aircraft, shown in this photograph, across the Channel. The aircraft, which has a wing span of 5 ft. 9 ins. and a 6-oz. Diesel engine, will be controlled by radio. The fuselage will be packed with ping-pong balls and the crossing from Dover to Calais is expected to take about an hour.



RECENTLY DEMONSTRATED IN STOCKHOLM: A REALLY COMFORTABLE LIFE JACKET WHICH, IT IS CLAIMED, WILL NOT LET THE WEARER SINK EVEN IN HEAVY SEAS. THE USER CAN FLOAT ON HIS BACK, STOMACH OR SIDE, SUPPORTED BY THE JACKET, WHICH IS MADE OF PERLON AND FLOATING CORK CUSHIONS.



A TRUE FISHING STORY: TWO LARGE BROWN TROUT CAUGHT IN THE GRANGE LAKE AT ALRESFORD. On August 28 Messrs. A. and J. Yates caught these two fine trout in Mr. L. C. Wallach's Grange Lake, headwaters of the River Itchen, at Alresford, in Hampshire. The fish on the left weighed 12 lb. and was 25½ ins. long; the one on the right weighed 14 lb. and was 27 ins. long.



TO BE ON VIEW AT THE INTERNATIONAL NAUTICAL EXHIBITION WHICH OPENS IN PARIS ON OCTOBER 1: A REPRODUCTION OF FRANCE'S LATEST AIRCRAFT-CARRIER, GEORGES CLEMENCEAU, WHICH IS UNDER CONSTRUCTION.



TO CARRY THE ROYAL COLOURS ON AN AMERICAN RACECOURSE: THE QUEEN'S COLT LANDAU. The Queen is sending her colt Landau to the United States to run in the third Washington International race at Laurel Park, Maryland, on November 3. The Royal colours will be seen for the first time on an American racecourse.

GREAT BRITAIN, ITALY, AND FRANCE: NEWS ITEMS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



THE FUNERAL OF CARDINAL SCHUSTER, ARCHBISHOP OF MILAN: CROWDS WATCHING THE ARRIVAL OF THE CORTÈGE AT THE WEST DOOR OF THE GREAT DUOMO, IN MILAN. As reported in our last issue, Cardinal Schuster, Archbishop of Milan since 1929, and a notable critic of both Nazism and Communism, died on August 30 at the age of seventy-four. On August 31 his body was taken to the Cathedral in Milan for its lying-in-state before the funeral on September 2.



NAPOLEON KISSES THE TRICOLOR, AFTER SAYING FAREWELL TO HIS MARSHALS AND TROOPS IN THE COURTYARD AT FONTAINEBLEAU: A SCENE FROM AN AMBITIOUS FILM ENTITLED "NAPOLEON" WHICH IS NOW BEING MADE IN FRANCE. IT IS DIRECTED BY M. SACHA GUITRY, AND THE PART OF NAPOLEON IS PLAYED BY RAYMOND PELLEGRIN.



TAKEN OVER BY THE NATIONAL TRUST FOR SCOTLAND: FAIR ISLE, THE LONELY ISLAND AND BIRD SANCTUARY LYING BETWEEN SHETLAND AND THE ORKNEYS—THE CENTRE PART OF THE ISLAND. On September 3 it was announced that the National Trust for Scotland had taken over Fair Isle from its owner, Mr. George Waterston, the Edinburgh ornithologist, who bought it in 1948. The transfer has been made possible by a grant of £5000 from the Dulverton Trust; and the Pilgrim Trust has contributed £7000 to extend the activities of the bird observatory. The population of the island now stands at forty-five.



SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, AT BIGGIN HILL, PRESENTING THE ESHER TROPHY TO SQUADRON LEADER R. A. EELES, COMMANDING OFFICER OF NO. 615 SQUADRON R.AUX.A.F. On September 5 Sir Winston Churchill presented the Esher Challenge Trophy—awarded annually to the most efficient auxiliary fighter squadron—to No. 615 Squadron, R.Aux.A.F., of which he is Honorary Air Commodore. In his speech he referred to the great service which the auxiliary squadrons gave in the Battle of Britain during the summer of 1940.



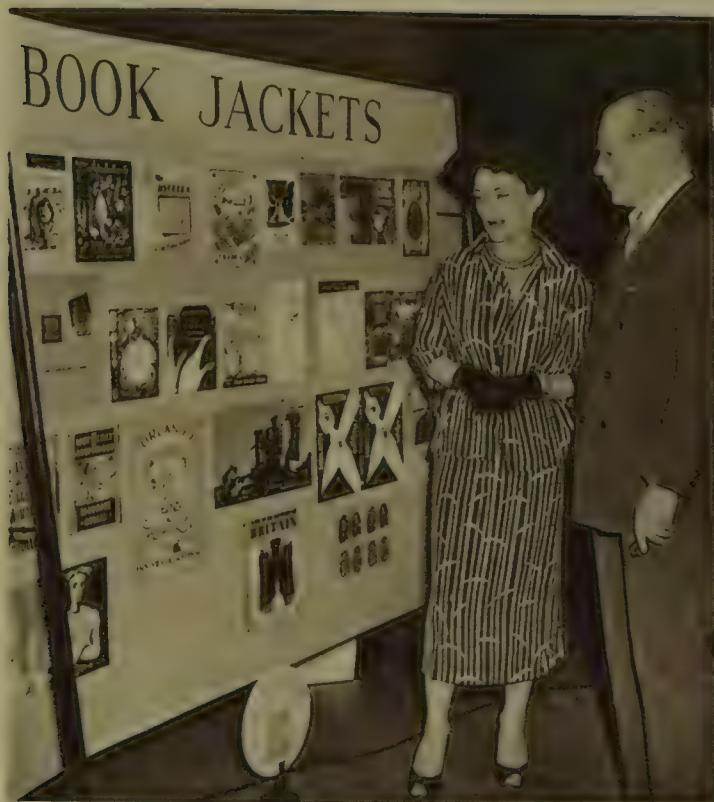
HER LAST VOYAGE: THE BURNT-OUT HULK OF THE *EMPERESS OF CANADA* BEING TOWED OUT OF LIVERPOOL ON HER WAY TO AN ITALIAN SCRAPYARD.

On January 25 the Canadian Pacific liner *Empress of Canada* (20,325 tons), while lying in the Gladstone Dock, Liverpool, caught fire, was gutted and capsized in the dock. The removal of the hulk from the dock called for a complex salvage operation, which was successfully completed on March 6 this year. The hulk has now been sold for scrap and is being towed to a breaker's yard in Italy.



AN AIR ACCIDENT IN WHICH NO ONE WAS HURT AND LITTLE DAMAGE DONE: DEALING WITH A FIRE WHICH BROKE OUT IN AN *ELIZABETHAN* AIR-LINER'S WHEELS ON TOUCH-DOWN AT LONDON AIRPORT, AFTER ARRIVAL FROM PARIS.

On September 4 a B.E.A. *Elizabethan* airliner touched down at London Airport from Paris and fire broke out in the wheels. The forty-one passengers made a hurried exit through the crew's doorway, but were unhurt. The pilot reversed a propeller to blow the flames away from a fuel tank and little damage was done.



AT THE NOTTINGHAM BOOK FESTIVAL: MISS SONIA DREDEL, THE ACTRESS, WITH SIR HAROLD NICOLSON, THE AUTHOR, WHO OPENED THE EXHIBITION. The first Book Festival ever to be held in the U.K. opened in Nottingham on September 1 and is to continue for three months. The Festival's opening Exhibition is designed to introduce people to "The World of Books," and will show the various stages in the making of a book.

ROYAL TOURISTS, A BOOK FESTIVAL, A CAPTURED U-BOAT, AND "THE CHRIST OF THE DEEP."



CLOSE TO HER FINAL RESTING-PLACE; THE U-505, A GERMAN SUBMARINE WHICH WAS CAPTURED IN WORLD WAR II. THE SUBMARINE WILL EVENTUALLY BE PLACED OUTSIDE THE MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY AT CHICAGO AFTER HAVING BEEN "NAVIGATED" OVERLAND IN A DELICATE OPERATION.



ON THE ISLAND OF SANTORIN, IN THE AEGEAN: MEMBERS OF THE EUROPEAN ROYAL FAMILIES WHO HAVE BEEN TOURING THE GREEK ISLANDS AS GUESTS OF KING PAUL. Nearly a hundred members of European Royal families, both reigning and exiled, left Naples on August 22 in the 5000-ton liner *Agamemnon* for an eleven-day informal cruise in Greek waters. They were the guests of King Paul and Queen Frederika of the Hellenes. Our picture above (left) shows members of the Royal



RIDING DONKEYS DURING A VISIT TO THE GREEK ISLAND OF SANTORIN: PRINCE BERNHARD OF THE NETHERLANDS (LEFT) AND PRINCE CHRISTIAN OF SCHAUMBERG-LIPPE, party on the Aegean island of Santorin. (L. to r., front row): the Countess of Barcelona; Queen Juliana of the Netherlands; the Countess of Paris; and King Paul. (Second row): Princess Christine of Essen; ex-King Michael of Rumania; Prince Christian of Hanover; and Don Juan, Count of Barcelona.



A DIVER PLACING A WREATH ON THE BRONZE STATUE KNOWN AS "THE CHRIST OF THE DEEP," AFTER IT HAD BEEN LOWERED INTO THE SEA IN SAN FRUTTUOSO BAY, NEAR PORTOFINO, ITALY. On August 29 an 8-ft.-high bronze statue—"The Christ of the Deep"—was lowered by a crane 60 ft. onto the sea-bed off San Fruttuoso, near Portofino, Italy. The parish priest blessed the statue, weighing 75 tons, which is intended as a monument to fishermen, sailors and sportsmen who have died at sea.



DESCENDING INTO THE SEA: THE 8-FT.-HIGH STATUE BEING LOWERED BY A CRANE. IT IS INTENDED AS A MEMORIAL TO THOSE WHO DIED AT SEA.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



GIANTS OF THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE pavilion at the eastern end of the fossil mammal gallery of the Natural History Museum in London, could well be labelled the Hall of Giants. On entering, one sees immediately, in the centre, the giant ground sloth, standing more or less erect, so that its head is 18 ft. from the ground. The label tells us that these remains were taken from the pleistocene of Argentina. The animal itself must have lived at some time during the last million years, therefore. Looking at this monster the mind measures it against the two sloths still living, the three-toed sloth and the two-toed sloth, also of South America, measuring a bare 2 ft. along the body and head. In a case to the left are the remains of another giant sloth which were found in Patagonia, associated with human implements. These remains include well-preserved fragments of skin covered with hair, an indication that the animal survived until comparatively recent times. The head, alone, of this sloth, measures a foot. Beyond the giant ground sloth are the remains of the giant armadillo, nearly 9 ft. long, from the tip of the snout to the tip of the tail, the largest armadillo living is just over 4 ft. long. The pavilion also contains the bones of the elephant-bird, believed to represent the roc of fable, extinct moas larger than ostriches, and other giant birds. Finally, on the right as one leaves the pavilion, is the skeleton of an extinct marsupial, the giant wombat, *Diprotodon*, of Australia, some 9 ft. long.

All the animals represented in this pavilion are extinct; with rare exceptions all are large, apparently having been selected for this reason. And in the galleries leading to the pavilion, or adjacent to it, are other remains of giants: giant tortoises, giant fishes, giant reptiles and giant mammals. Visitors to these galleries, and to others like them in other museums, could easily have thoughts such as those expressed in a letter from a reader in Basutoland.* He writes: "What particularly interests me is to know why apparently most pre-historic animals—including man—were so much larger than life-size as we know it to-day? I can appreciate that there were probably fewer of them and therefore more for them to eat. But this presumably is only part of the answer, because the contrast between the zebra and the pygmy horse shows that the process is reversed; or is this the exception proving the rule? Is the rule then that all animal life is gradually shrinking? Man, I believe, is, on the contrary, increasing in stature very slightly, and his skull in particular. Is this because he has so much more to think about?"

This letter was received almost at the same time that the first reports came in of the finding of another *Diprotodon* skeleton in Australia. It seems appropriate, therefore, to consider it at this moment. I have carefully avoided the words "answer it" because it is doubtful if, even with more space at one's disposal, it is possible to do this satisfactorily. The first comment one can make is that it is incorrect to suppose that most prehistoric animals were much larger than their representatives living to-day. This impression, widely-held, springs from, and is fostered by, the news-value attaching to great size. Record sizes, giant races, and the like, tend to capture the imagination. They are, therefore, apt to be given prominence in Press reports and in scientific books. They also appear to be given prominence in museums simply because small specimens lose themselves in the corners of show-cases, whereas large specimens must be

displayed prominently; they cannot be tucked away. One notices the giant elephants, for example, without noticing that others also extinct were smaller than those living to-day, and that there were, in former times, pygmy elephants.

The position is perhaps best illustrated with reference to the Age of Reptiles. This is sometimes thought of as that period in the earth's history when all reptiles were of large size. More correctly it means the age when reptiles were the dominant land animals, when they were more numerous in species and populations than at any other time, and when some of the

numbers and dominance. If this is a law then it has many exceptions.

The actual causes of the extinction of species are not easy to state. They vary from one instance to the other. It seems fairly certain, however, that only in exceptional cases can a single cause be found for the extinction of a species. Usually it is a concatenation. Food, quite obviously, must be one of the chief determining factors. Changes of climate are effective secondarily in so far as they affect the abundance, or otherwise, of food-plants or produce conditions favouring the influx of competitors able to live better under the changed conditions. Predators, on the whole, seldom do more than kill off the surplus population,

and only under exceptional circumstances is the toll they take in any way decisive. Indeed, the results of modern researches suggest that the rôle of the predator includes a benefit for the species preyed upon, by the elimination of the weaklings and the sickly. There is a limit in size to the functional efficiency, and the giant members of any group are approaching very near to that limit. Great size must, of itself, be a disadvantage in the matter of survival, merely because of this inherent functional inefficiency. And it is a common remark by those who know the African fauna well that the large animals are noticeably more vulnerable to adverse circumstances than those of small size.

Generalisations on the causes of extinction are somewhat dangerous. Each case must be considered on its merits, and separately assessed; but when all is said

and done there is something to be said for the view that groups of animals, whether species, families or orders, like individuals, have life-spans which include infancy, maturity, decline and extinction. In these groups, as in individuals, the duration of this span may vary a lot. During the life-span of a group, species come and species go, but it does look as if the occurrence of large-sized species largely coincide with the full prime of the group as a whole and tend to be the first to go with the onset of the decline. This is, indeed, what we might expect.

Some of the exceptions to all this are living elephants, which are not significantly smaller than the largest extinct elephants; living rhinoceroses, which include one giant and one pygmy; sharks, which include the whale shark, 50 ft. long; basking sharks, 40 ft. long; and man-eaters, 36 ft. long; all of these being as large as any known extinct sharks. What it amounts to, therefore, is that since there is a rise and fall in the history of every race, it follows that, once the zenith is passed, we are likely to find at any given moment in time, on the one hand, larger forms that have died out, and on the other hand, smaller forms still living. On the whole, also, we can, by examining the geological history of any species or group of species, gain some idea whether it is in the ascendant or in decline. But there is no invariable rule.

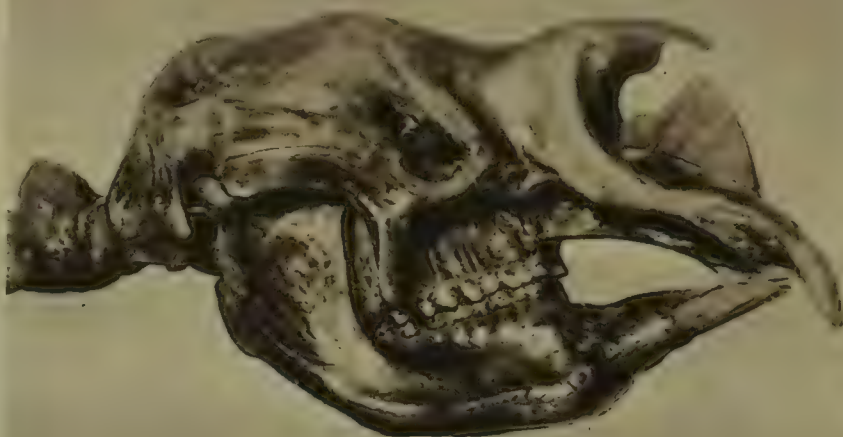
Above all, we have to remember that the largest animal that has ever lived is the blue whale of the Antarctic, 100 ft. maximum length, still very much alive in spite of the inroads made into its numbers by man.

Whether man is increasing in stature is a very moot point. Some races are doing so slightly, due largely to better living conditions, but these effects are usually fairly localised and there is no foundation for believing that the human race as a whole is significantly larger than were those of, say, Cromagnon times or the days of Java man.

Has the human skull increased in size? It is doubtful. Has man so much more to think about? Possibly, but it is doubtful if he thinks more.



THE LARGEST KNOWN MARSUPIAL, LIVING OR FOSSIL, WHICH IS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN EXTINCT FOR MORE THAN 500,000 YEARS: A SKELETON OF *DIPROTODON AUSTRALIS* OWEN, KNOWN AS THE GIANT WOMBAT.



SHOWING THE LARGE UPPER AND LOWER INCISORS AND GRINDING TEETH: THE HEAD OF *DIPROTODON AUSTRALIS* OWEN, REMAINS OF WHICH MARSUPIAL HAVE RECENTLY BEEN FOUND NEAR BREWARRINA, 420 MILES WEST OF SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

Diprotodon, a plantigrade, had a massive skeleton for a marsupial, as shown here, and had a huge head, a thick strong neck and well-developed limbs to carry its extreme weight. Its feet were characteristic in that the fingers and toes were very small in comparison with the rest of the skeleton and its toes were twisted inwards. *Diprotodon* was completely herbivorous, and its teeth were well adapted for gripping and masticating very tough vegetation or other herbage. In the front of its upper jaw was a pair of enormous chisel-like incisor teeth, with enamel on the front only so that the sharp cutting edge was always maintained in good condition. The first remains of *Diprotodon* were found in 1830 in New South Wales.

Photographs reproduced by courtesy of the Australian Museum, Sydney.

species attained maximum size. During this Age, however, there were all sizes of reptiles, from those of the smallest lizards living to-day, to the massive *Diplodocus*. In all large groups of animals, wherever the fossil record is at all complete, we have the picture of the group starting in a humble way with relatively few species, mainly of small size. As time progresses, the numbers of species increase until a zenith is reached when the group, as a whole, is numerous, in species and populations, as well as in the sizes attained by some of its members. In the decline which appears then to set in, it is the larger forms that tend to become extinct more readily than the others. On the face of it there appears to be a law that the attainment of maximum size precedes a decline in

* This letter refers to the article by Dr. L. S. B. Leakey on "The Giant Animals of Prehistoric Tanganyika," which appeared in our issue of June 19 last, and which was illustrated with drawings by our Special Artist, Neave Parker.



A GIANT OF THE PAST RECONSTRUCTED: THE *DIPROTODON*, KNOWN AS THE GIANT WOMBAT, WHICH LIVED OVER 500,000 YEARS AGO, SHOWN IN A DRAWING IN WHICH ITS GREAT SIZE IS ILLUSTRATED BY COMPARISON WITH WALLABIES OF THE SAME PERIOD; AND (INSET) A PRESENT-DAY WOMBAT DRAWN TO THE SAME SCALE.

When large fossil bones were recently reported to have been partly uncovered by flood-waters, near Brewarrina, 420 miles west of Sydney, New South Wales, they were investigated by Mr. H. O. Fletcher, Curator of Fossils, Australian Museum, Sydney. Mr. Fletcher has sent us a description of these bones which, he says: "proved to be a large and complete pelvis, a complete scapula and numerous other bones, including portions of the skull, with well-preserved teeth and vertebrae with the ribs still attached. They had been buried beneath 25 ft. of alluvium on the western bank of the river." The fossil remains were identified as belonging to *Diprotodon australis* Owen, the largest known marsupial, living or fossil, and dating from the

Pleistocene geological period. This great marsupial, generally known as the Giant Wombat, occurred in great numbers in all parts of the Australian continent and Tasmania. Remains have recently been recorded of an allied but smaller species from New Guinea. *Diprotodon*, which stood about 6 ft. high and was some 9 or 10 ft. in length, was approximately the same size and build as a rhinoceros and was a clumsy, ungainly creature. An excellent idea of the appearance of this huge creature can be gained from this reconstruction drawn by our Special Artist, Neave Parker. Dr. Maurice Burton discusses some giant animals of the past and the present in his article on the facing page.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF EXPERTS.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT is now centuries since modern man first made the "noble savage" an ideal. Then—in a time of greater knowledge and resurgent hope—he was discarded as a fallacy. And still more recently, he has come back: now that we know still more, and have lost confidence as never yet. "The Light in the Forest," by Conrad Richter (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), exalts the Red Man's blessedness and virtue in a song of praise—whatever the author may make out. For he disclaims all anti-civilised intent. He "can understand and sympathise with either side. His business is to be fair to them both." If that were so, he would have botched it; and his occasional, infirm attempts to make it so are a mere blemish. They were not called for by the theme, which has a right to be pro-Indian up to the hilt. For it depicts and justifies the misery of a young captive, returned perforce to his white people.

Which is historical, we learn; the returned prisoners often tried desperately to run away again. And True Son was adopted as a four-year-old. Then his white blood was taken out, and he became a brave, born Indian, flesh of Cuyloga's flesh. . . . That was eleven years ago—right from the dawn of memory. And all that time, he has regarded white men with contempt and loathing. So, after days of talk about surrendering the captives, he is quite unperturbed—how could it possibly mean him? It does—and his reaction is frenetic. He has to be tied up in the cabin, dragged by main force into the camp, and there tied up again; and still he struggles. Which, to his white guard, is "ingratitude" beyond the norm. True Son would knife the white man if he could; the next best thing will be to eat of the "May apple" and die. But once again he gets no chance. Still haltered, he is dragged on to the river's edge, and thence into the sad, infragal region where the Indian forest has been cut down, and all is barbarous and desolate. At last they reach the dreariness of a white village. This is the slave market; and here True Son falls to a pale, ignoble little man who sets up as his father. Now he is truly among enemies. They try to bully him into being white; they keep him boxed up in his mother's room, learning to make silly little marks on a slate, or else at woman's labour with the hoe. Month after month he strains his eyes for a "word-bringer"; then he falls sick, they don't know why. But True Son has a feeling why. . . .

Yet there is worse to come. For he escapes them in the flesh, only to prove himself infected, and be cast out by the other side.

It is a moving little drama; but, above all, it is a song of forest liberty, of an uncluttered and heroic Eden. And it has no more touching character than an old slave, who has no rôle, except that he, too, was an Indian captive. "Now I'm eighty-four years old near as I can make out, and the best I remember of my time is when I was a boy in the woods. . . ."

OTHER FICTION.

Nothing could ring more true, and "Spare the Rod," by Michael Croft (Longmans; 10s. 6d.), might well be taken as a commentary; for here we have the True Sons of our own dispensation. This book is obvious—and excellent—reporting. John Sanders came out of the Navy with a dream of usefulness; and finally teaching occurred to him. He was received with joy, and pushed straight off into a job at Worrell Street. Its first effect on him is grim; and the Head's first remarks are on the technique of caning. This, he assures the tyro, is a crucial point. They are in a 'bad area' of a bad town; and John, unluckily, will have to deal with the worst class. Half of Class II. are on the way to Borstal, the others don't bear thinking of. He must put on the screw—beat them right down and keep them down.

Yet Mr. Jenks is not a brute; plainly, he is a harassed man, clinging to savagery as a lifeline. For which John inwardly despises him. He won't resort to caning; he will attach his pupils, speak to them in the right voice. . . .

In fact, he doesn't know the score: which is a mixed class of forty-two (including some illiterates), many from criminal or vicious homes, all sexually untrammelled, and almost all without a thought of learning anything. Even if they were half-way tractable, the size of the class, and the few stale and tattered class-books, would make "instruction" a lost cause. And now, on bad days, it is pandemonium—the teacher roaring and plying his cane, amid the hoots and jeers of the whole pack. . . .

Yes, even John comes down to it. Yet there is light behind; for the young roughs prove to be worth more than the "education." Indeed, I preferred this, with all its horrors, to the Indian world, from which—with all its dignity and charm—nothing can grow.

"A Thought of Honour," by Alexander Cordell (Museum Press; 10s. 6d.), is also documentary; it is dedicated to "the soldiers who, in their obscurity, were not considered 'Back Room.'" In other words, the men employed, day after day, in handling the latest engines of war, our own as perilous as the enemy's. But first there is an episode in Kenya, where John Macmasters has been sent as a black sheep, and gets involved with Tietjens and Loetia. A queer ménage, certainly liars both. . . . Long afterwards, when John is at his deadly work, he has again to cope with Tietjens, in the Ministry, and with Loetia in the A.T.S. But it won't jibe with the main interest—the daily battle with "devices," the appalling tests, the mounting record of disaster, the tormented nerves. In fact, the simple war report; which would be quite enough.

"Case," by Valerie White (Arthur Barker; 9s. 6d.), finds the narrator, Case, by name, touring the empty battlefields of Burma with an old acquaintance. Which was pure accident, to start with. And there, by chance, they see a common friend shot off the road over a precipice. But, Case tells Mona, they must keep it dark. He did a stretch in gaol after the war (we never find out why) and is averse to questioning. Anyhow, no one would believe them. . . . Which combines ill with his hunch that Dale was on a Secret Service errand of immense scope. However, Mona is convinced. Yet they are not free of the crime; by further chance—and with a colourful amount of globe-trotting—it leads them to provoke a world-wide spy-and-sabotage organisation. The story is all nonsense, but eventful, and has decided "tone!"—in fact, a little more than it can carry.

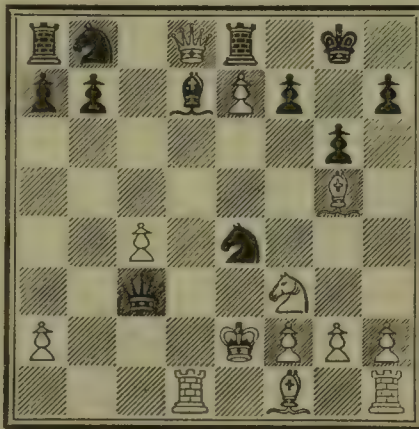
CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

"POSITION JUDGMENT" is an important part of a chess master's equipment. This is the ability to perceive the essential feature of any position in a flash. It is position judgment which enables masters to give simultaneous displays against twenty or thirty opponents at once—and revel in doing so; making good moves at a speed which is really out of all proportion to their relative superiority over their individual opponents.

Test your position judgment. Here are two positions from the British Championship just concluded. In each, one player is already a doomed man. Who? And why? Don't look below. Don't spend more than a few minutes on either diagram—a master might only need a few seconds!—and don't answer the question "why?" with a series of moves; a simple descriptive statement is enough.

HOOPER (Black)



WALLIS (White)

Black to move.

STREATER (Black)



HORSEMAN (White)

White to move.

In the first diagram: White is lost, because his advanced pawn has been effectively blocked, and his king is fatally insecure.

The sequel was 13. . . Kt×B; 14. R-Q3, Q-B3; 15. Kt×Kt, Q×Kt; 16. R-K3, R×Q and White resigned.

In the second diagram: Black is lost; his demonstration with the bishop and knight cannot possibly count for anything because his remaining force is so undeveloped.

This theme had possibilities; but it won't jibe with the main interest—the daily battle with "devices," the appalling tests, the mounting record of disaster, the tormented nerves. In fact, the simple war report; which would be quite enough.

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K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

CONCERNING AMERICA.

AS an ardent student of "Westerns," I am afraid that my interest in Red Indians has hitherto been confined to the simplification which they introduce into that form of cinematograph art. That is to say, whereas in a Western consisting of bad cowboys *versus* good, I am confused at the most exciting moment (i.e., at the moment of maximum expenditure of ammunition) by not knowing whether to be glad or sorry whether a particular individual has been shot or has been hurled from the balcony of the saloon, with "hostiles" it has hitherto been a simple matter. I have been able to feel with the ferocious American military man that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian." Sioux, Apaches, Cheyennes and Comanches have been all the same to me—equally "bad" and equally vicariously and pleasantly terrifying. Having read "The Real Americans," by A. Hyatt

Verrill (Putnam; \$5), I perceive that I shall have greatly to alter the primitive simplicity of my views. If Mr. Hyatt Verrill is right—and I understand that he is a considerable authority on the subject—then the Indians were more sinned against than sinning. In their dealings with the Indians the American frontiersmen and military authorities were totally without shame, and I only wish that I had had an opportunity of reading this book earlier at times when I have had to listen to attacks by American friends on our record in India—attacks which, in the light of the American treatment of the Red Indians, emerge as impertinences. Take Mr. Verrill's passage on the Sioux: "No one, either Indian or white man, ever questioned the bravery or the fighting abilities of the Sioux. Never were they known to war with another tribe for mere conquest or tribal enmity, but when it came to a question of losing homes, lands or freedom, or when attacked by other Indians or white men, they fought with a bravery and ferocity never excelled by any other tribe. Magnificent horsemen, next to the Comanches their mounted warriors were considered by our Army officers as the finest, most efficient of Indian cavalry, and time after time they outfought, outgeneraled, and outmaneuvered our veteran troopers and our most outstanding generals. They were probably the most independent, most freedom-loving, and bravest of all our Indians, and were referred to by General Nelson Miles as 'noblemen of the plains.'" General Nelson Miles, incidentally, was the intelligent soldier who made peace with the Indians after Custer had been massacred with his whole force at the famous battle of Little Big Horn. I am grateful to Mr. Hyatt Verrill for this interesting book, which ranges from Indian anthropology to Indian jokes (some of which are very good indeed), but I am sorry that he has spoilt my fun.

The American attitude towards the Indians was early noticed by European observers. Sir Augustus John Foster was British Minister at Washington before the 1812 war, a war of which not one British schoolboy in a thousand has heard, but which has left one of the deeper scars on Anglo-American relations. His apologia (he was widely regarded, though I think with injustice, as having been largely responsible for that war), written in retirement, has been edited by Richard Beale Davis for the Huntington Library of San Marino, California (\$6), under the title of "Jeffersonian America." He compares the lack of interest in "this wild and noble race" among European philanthropists to their attitude towards the Negro. The "poor Indian, whose pride forbids him to complain," being left to the mercy of backwoods-men and the base underhand tricks of unfeeling speculation. The bulk of Sir Augustus Foster's book deals, of course, with the politics of the capital, and while Mr. Davis may be right in saying that Foster, like many another diplomat before and since, had got into the wrong political set, and did not, therefore, grasp the full implications of the new American democracy, he certainly seems to have made the most of his two periods of service in America. He kept his eyes open and wrote agreeably, and Mr. Davis is to be congratulated on presenting this valuable book to his countrymen.

Another apologia, written in his irascible old age, is that of the famous American War of Independence artist, Colonel Trumbull. "The Autobiography of Colonel John Trumbull," edited by Theodore Sizer (Oxford University Press; 48s.), appears now in a new edition. It is a delightful book. The Colonel fought in the War of Independence, and ever after boasted of the fact that he was "A.D.C. to General Washington" (he held the job for nineteen days). But his fame rested more on his prowess with his pencil than with his sword. He was widely travelled in Europe, which may have excused the new democrats into whose age he lived, for thinking him an Anglophile. Indeed, even in his descriptions of the War of Independence he is at pains to record instances of courteous behaviour on the part of the Royal commanders, such as Sir Guy Carleton, who, on one occasion, "behaved with a degree of humanity, which, if it had been generally employed by other Royal commanders, might have exposed to great hazard the success of America." What a curious war it must have been! In the middle of it the "rebel" Trumbull calmly came to London, where he had some commissions to paint, but where, on the delation of loyalist agents, he was, not surprisingly, arrested. He was imprisoned in the most gentlemanly manner, and finally released equally politely on the orders of the same Lord George Germaine who lost us the American Colonies! One of the most fascinating passages in the book is his description of being present with Lafayette in the early days of the French Revolution, when the Marquis successfully calmed a mob, stirred up by "Les Marseillois, les patriotes par excellence." Lafayette's views on the need for constitutional monarchy on the English model, and his prophecies as to the course of the Revolution which Trumbull reported to Washington, are the most sensible I have yet read emanating from that silly man.

"From Colony to World Power," by William A. Hamm (Harrap; 25s.), is an excellent history of America (among its illustrations are several of Trumbull's pictures). It is intended for American schoolchildren, but enlightened headmasters could do worse than buy it for school libraries here. This is the only one of these books which can readily be purchased here. May one suggest to Mr. Butler that the first step towards convertibility might be to release dollars for those who wish to know more about the history of our Allies?—E. D. O'BRIEN.

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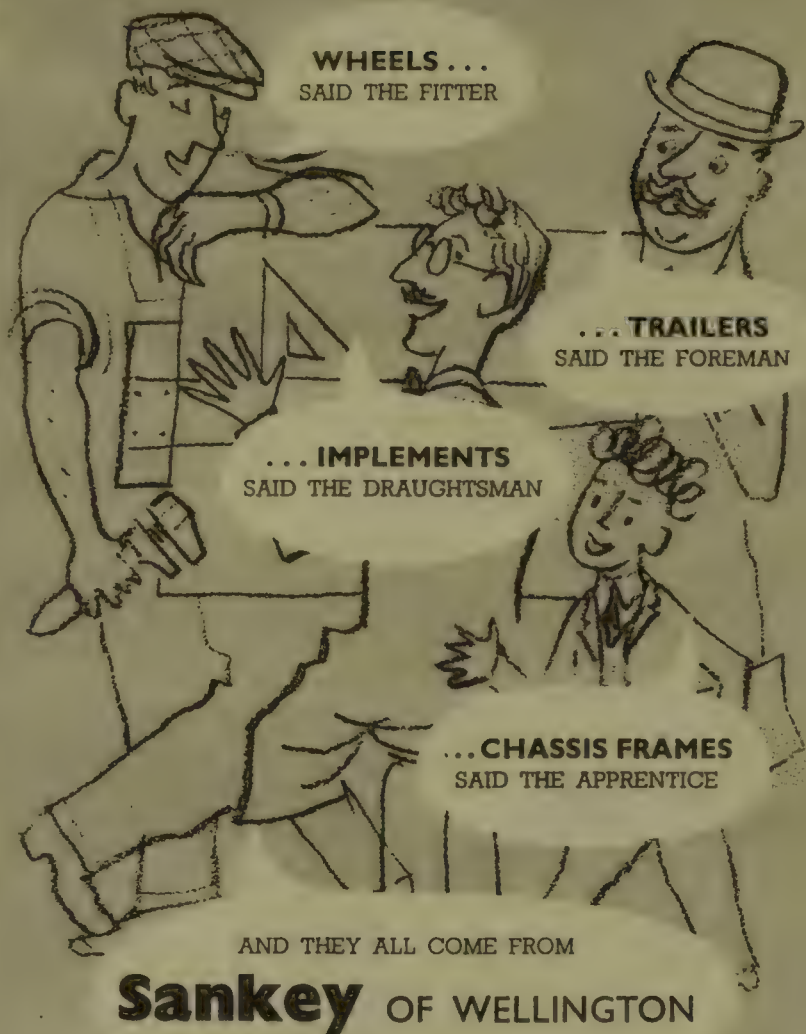
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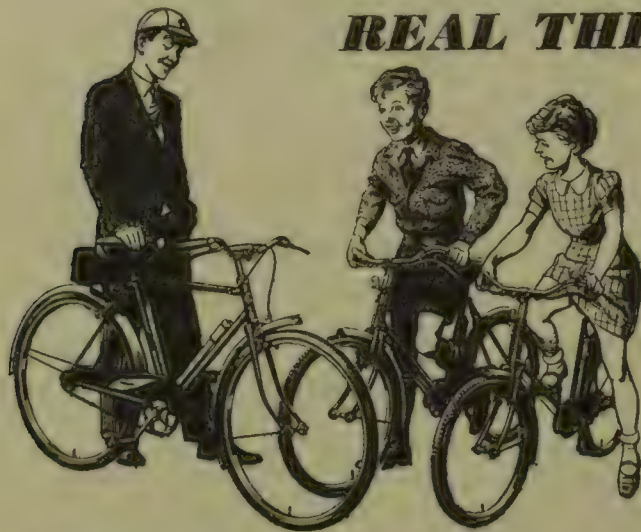
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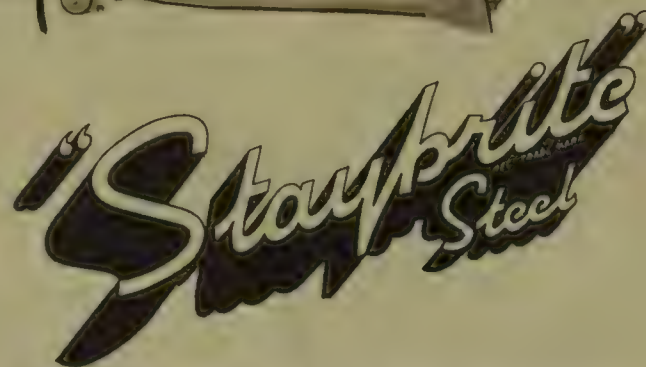


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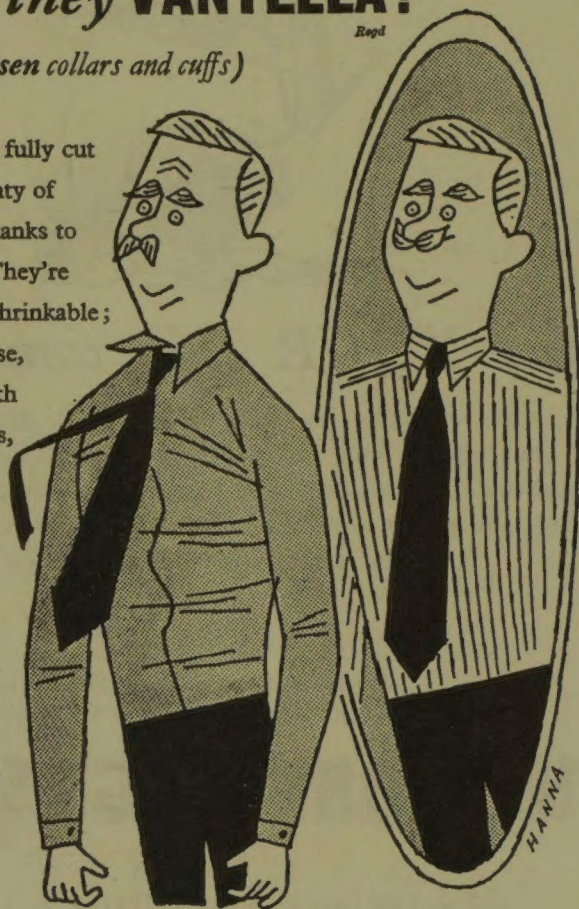
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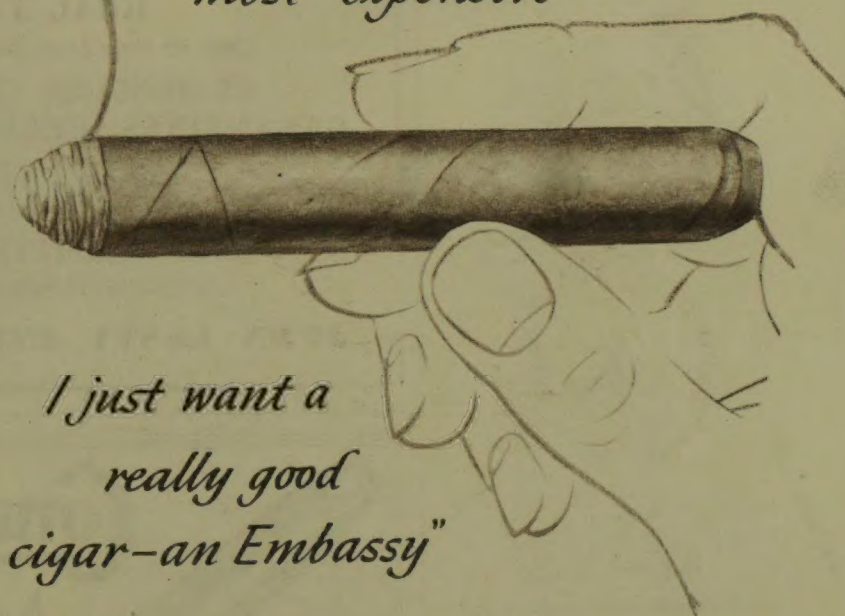
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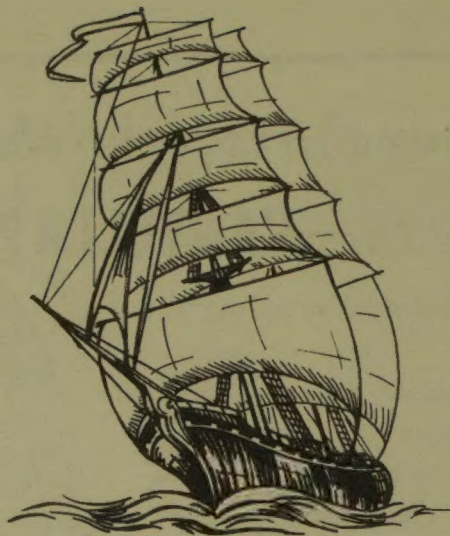


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